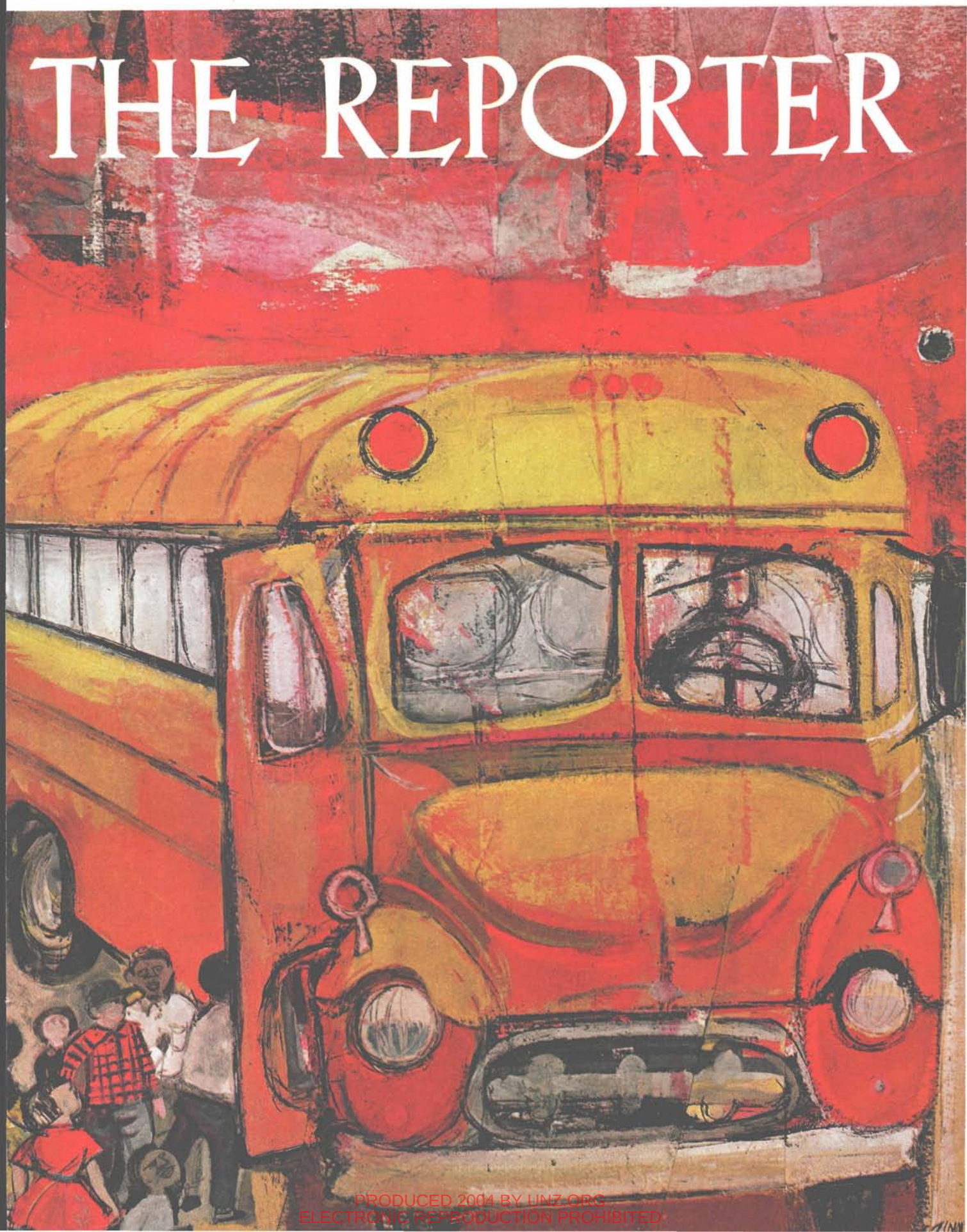
This Talk of Munich
October 2, 1958 25¢

THE STRATEGY OF SOUTHERN RESISTANCE (page 18)

THE REPORTER



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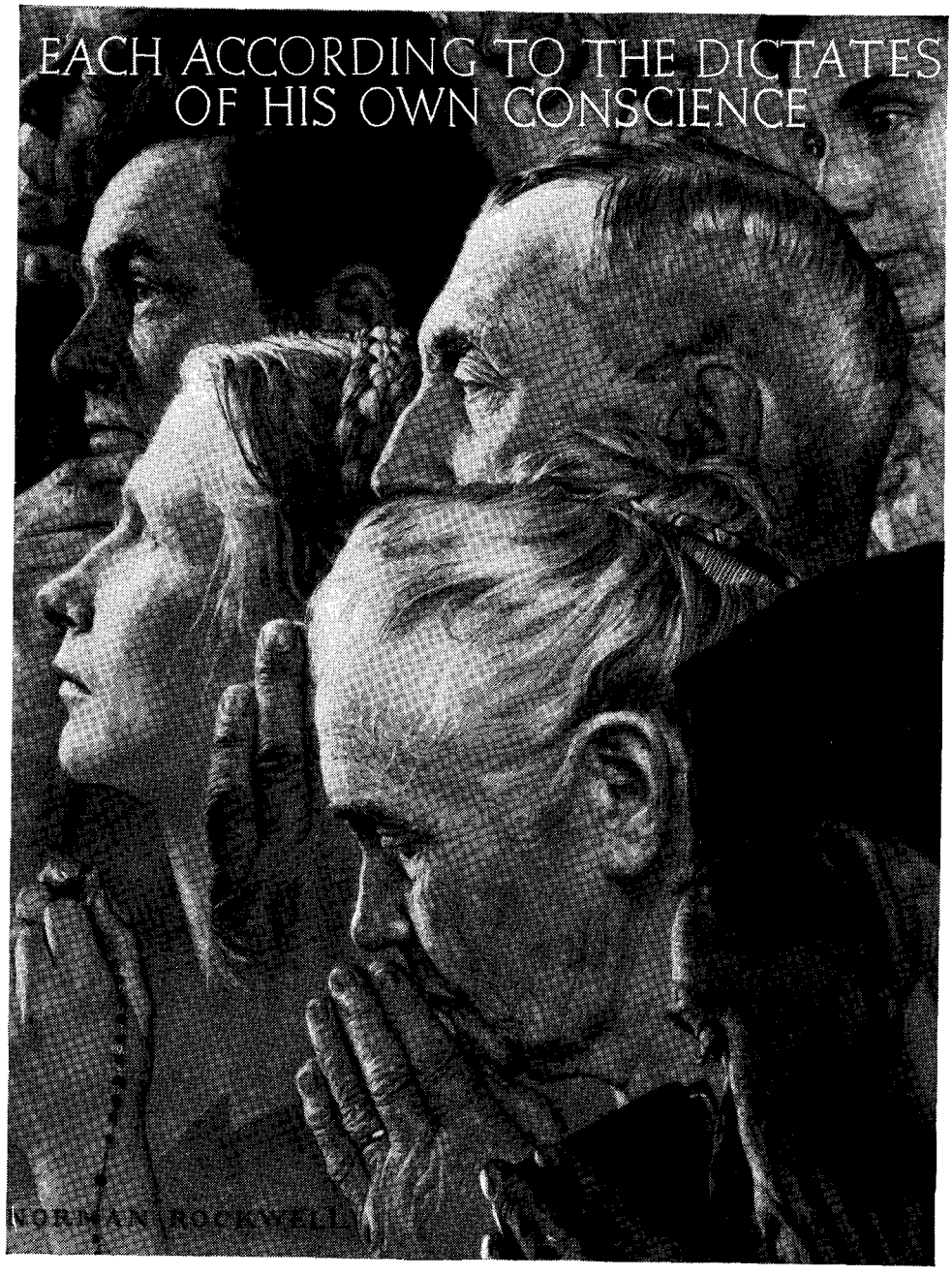

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

You Can Still Be Saved

Professor Galbraith's well-advertised best-seller has masterfully proved that one of the principal functions of American advertising is the creation of consumer wants where, in many cases, none previously existed. Just cast your eye over all the ads for new technological advances—color television, cars with four headlights, striped toothpaste, and trapeze dresses—and you'll agree that truer word was never spoken. But in a larger sense, individual products are only the tokens of a much deeper want that the missionaries of Madison Avenue have propagated among the American people.

The sacraments of installment buying are merely the outward and visible signs of a pious aspiration to enter the consumer's paradise as promised in the gospel. Each full-page color ad has been a bright window opening on a peaceable kingdom where hearty, prosperous men are forever gathered in the locker room for hangoverless cocktails and where long-legged, flat-bellied maidens wear girdles apparently only to keep themselves warm. It is a land of perpetual leisure that never palls, where all ills are cured by the right pill, all maternal duress is put to rout by the right cereal, and a kind of angelic sexless cuddlesomeness is guaranteed by the right hair tonic.

IN COMFORTABLE TIMES many a preacher has a tendency to dwell on the wonders of salvation. But when heresy infects the congregation and the collection plate looks bare, sermons are often studded with timely reminders about the agony of perdition. The recession may be bottoming out nicely for all we know, but we have smelled a good deal of fire and brimstone in some of the advertising copy that has passed under our noses recently.

There's nothing particularly new in the suggestion that the competitors of the one product that offers heaven all lead straight to hell. That's just good healthy interfaith rivalry and dates at least back to the admonitory "Don't Be Half Safe!" But somewhere around the time the gross national product began to sag and inventories began to rise, scholars could note the emergence of a new Calvinistic doctrine of predestination: an advertising preachment would let it be known that while not all consumers were really worthy of a particular product, you could at least try to prove you were among the elect if you *did* buy it, and regularly.

For sheer insult, the new messages go far beyond the relatively mild sectarian snobbery of the ads run in the *New Yorker* by five-and-ten-thousand-dollar jewelry stores. The Chock Full o' Nuts folks have been more and more insistent about the fact that they would really just as soon you didn't bother paying the few cents extra for their coffee unless you're enough of a connoisseur to appreciate it. We have been duly intimidated by Chrysler's warning that "There are certain talents to owning an Imperial." Some of the digs are administered more subtly, but we get the point perfectly well when we are told that "The Man Who Thinks for Himself" smokes Viceroys.

By far the most fearsome harangue comes from the makers of Zest, whose revivalistic chant is "For the first time in your life, feel *really* clean!" The trouble with such a demanding dogma is that it invites despair. If we have been wallowing in filth since infancy, why should we have to change now?

The New Rebel Yell

With the closing of several schools in Arkansas and Virginia, the segregation dispute shifted overnight from the area of demagogic politics to what seems to have been a secondary matter up to now, namely, education. For the first time, white parents are confronted not with Confederate

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Can take you further than you're going,
But it's quicker yet
By jet.

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Do what you want without being undone;
Wake in Karachi, sleep in Toronto,
Drop from the air wherever you want to—
It's quicker yet
By jet.

The time you save in the whining giants
You charge to your customers and clients;
The more you do in the fewest hours
You credit to man's increasing powers—
Who pays the debt
For jet?

—SEC

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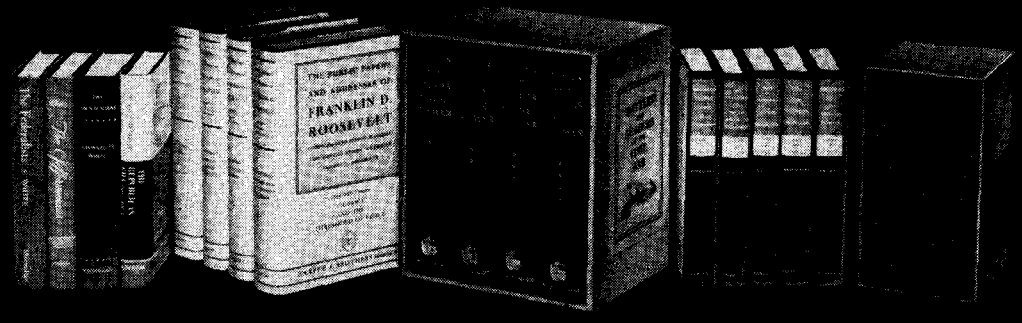

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BLOODIED BUT UNBOWED

BY ERIC SEVAREID

Mr. James Hoffa, who runs the Teamsters Union, and his lawyer, Mr. Edward Bennett Williams, are not gentlemen the average citizen would care to encounter on any dim legal street. The lights, of course, are bright in the Senate Hearing Room, and Senator McClellan, as hard-bitten as Hoffa, though for different reasons, is not, of course, an average citizen. This evens things up.

As it always is with well-matched opponents in the ring, this match is one the spectators love; it has just enough clinching and rabbit punching to make one side or the other occasionally protest to the specter called "fair play," no flesh-and-blood referee being present. Mr. Williams, who knows when to stay silent, is no longer the uncommitted hero-villain of the law, a dashing Robin Hood, now defending a Senator McCarthy, now defending a victim of McCarthyism. His free lance is sheathed; he has joined up as general counsel of the Teamsters Union.

Williams and Hoffa make a pair, but only by number, not by suit. There is a great difference between being smart and being intelligent. Williams is both; Hoffa is smart.

As Hoffa's true and inbred nature was gradually revealed in the give and take of the session, it became the safest prediction in the world that he is going to be in trouble as long as he lives the public life—not in jail, necessarily, nor even under any indictment, just in trouble. Not because he *likes* trouble but because he accepts trouble; he accepts it as the normal and natural element of his existence. He has never known any other element since the grim and brutal circumstances of his childhood. This is a man at war, in his heart, with orthodox society. He was probably a cop hater as a kid, and he has not changed. But the cop image has changed for him. Today it is the Senate, the courts, the press, the whole sprawling, occasionally majestic apparatus of social order, which is the natural element for the man he hates, the button-down-collar, Ivy League prosecutor Robert Kennedy. It is alien ground for Jimmy Hoffa, who early in life learned to trust no man except one *obliged* to trust him.

In twenty years he will look like his Teamsters predecessor, Dave Beck, but he will never act like him. He will never pretend to be a pillar of the church; he will never exhibit self-pity. Whether a good one or a bad one, he is a man.

It might be unfair to say of Hoffa that to him crime is not wrong, just not smart; but on the basis of his attitude today about the individuals in his union with criminal records, it is perfectly fair to say that crime does not cause him to grieve through many sleepless nights. If those colleagues convicted of misdeeds have their convictions upheld by the last courts of last resort, then they are automatically out of the union. It is not Hoffa's responsibility to say or do anything about them, and unless they lost their civil rights through conviction, they might even be re-elected one day by their local memberships. The concrete law of votes, he seemed to be saying, invalidates any vague moral law in our society. Senator Frank Church (D., Idaho) found this scale of values baffling, then maddening, and the two men hurled "thou shalt not lecture" lectures at one another.

Senator Ives (R., New York) tried the friendly Dutch-uncle approach. Nobody on the committee is out to get you, he said to Hoffa. Hoffa would have none of that, said he regretfully disagreed; and it was hard not to agree with his disagreement. In one loftier flight, Hoffa proclaimed that he had done more to clean up the Teamsters during his presidency than all previous officers in all the union's previous history. This was a considerable comment on the union's history, because Hoffa later was forced to agree that he has not yet taken action against any union officer, save where the court-appointed Board of Monitors has requested it.

Finally, Kennedy moved from question to statement: You *can't* get rid of those people, he said, because you brought them in and you're dependent on them as your support.

To which Hoffa replied: "You can't *prove* that."

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

rallying cries, excitement, and verbiage, but with the hard fact that their kids are staying home all day or out on the street instead of being in school.

Perhaps the best comment on this situation was contained in a letter to the editor, signed "Cities Righter," that appeared in the *Arkansas Gazette* recently:

"For over a century My People have gone to school. They have become accustomed to it. It is a tradition. It is a way of life. The customs and traditions of many years cannot be changed overnight. A new way of life cannot be forced upon a reluctant people. My People are not ready for no schools. They must have time. . . .

"Personally, I am a moderate. I am neither for schools nor against schools. I speak only for My People. . . .

"By what right does the legislature of a foreign state [Arkansas] and its Governor say that the citizens of the sovereign city of Little Rock shall not attend school? The constitution of the foreign state of Arkansas does not say that the citizens of Little Rock cannot go to school. That is not the law, and I have never said it was the law. Even if the constitution says that, it is not the law, because the people of the city of Little Rock have never ratified the constitution of the State of Arkansas.

"You must remember that no schools is merely the first step. Next comes no football teams, no dances, no dates. My God, can't you see where this is leading?

"Basically, the problem here is Cities' Rights. My People are solidly behind me and we will never buckle down to the State House . . ."

Over in Virginia, Governor Almond reacted furiously to Attorney General Rogers's statement that the Justice Department has received reports "concerning efforts on the part of parents and children to prevail upon responsible state officials to open the public schools."

"It is the old familiar technique of divide and conquer . . ." said the governor. "I would say that would meet the full applause and approbation of Mr. Khrushchev, whoever he is."

Now, governor, you surely must know whose side Mr. Khrushchev is on.

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CORRESPONDENCE

ARLINGTON SCHOOLS

To the Editor: *The Reporter* and William H. Hessler are to be congratulated on an excellent analysis of the situation in Arlington, Virginia ("A Southern County Waits for the School Bell," September 4).

Some of "the relatively small number of militant liberals who favor school integration on principle" are to be found in the Unitarian Church of Arlington. Just ten years old, this church, under the dynamic leadership of its minister, Ross Allen Weston, has for several years dared to preach and to practice brotherhood in the Old Dominion. Among other things it has for eight years conducted an interracial summer workshop where some 100 to 150 children annually have learned to adjust to each other in a social play-school situation; has organized and continues to sponsor a Community Council for Social Progress dedicated to improving racial relations; and has been pleased to have two Negro families join its fellowship.

This last circumstance resulted in the arrest of one of its Negro members this summer at a church picnic in an indirect attempt by the county authorities to enforce Virginia's segregated seating law in public parks by charging the Negro with disorderly conduct. The church stood by its member and the defendant was found not guilty in county court. As a result of this case the county board asked the county manager to establish procedures to prevent the reoccurrence of such an incident in the future.

The Unitarian youth of Arlington have sponsored two meetings in recent weeks to prepare Negro children for entry into white schools. Ironically, one of the children rejected by the county school board because of difficult psychological adjustment has been quite happily "adjusted" to a white church school for over a year.

Finally, the Unitarian Church of Arlington was the first institution of its kind to inform the governor of Virginia that its facilities would not be available for public or other use calculated to circumvent compliance with the Supreme Court decision of 1954.

We feel that this brief sketch demonstrates that the militant liberals of Arlington do have a place to go, even though we are glad at this time to be among the "Preservers" in their legal fight to keep our schools open.

SHERROD EAST, Chairman
Board of Trustees
Unitarian Church of Arlington

To the Editor: Mr. Hessler's article is one of the most accurate and comprehensive re the Arlington attempt to measure up to its reputation as being one of the most progressive counties in the United States. Despite the fascist opponents and lunatic-fringe opposition, the good people of Arlington are waging a great fight to have the community live up to the standard of its first-class schools. It is silly to imagine that the entry of a few Negro children will to any degree lower the standards of the schools.

I can assure you that because of the Negroes' efforts in defense of our nation in all of its wars, and because of even the meager education of the past under "separate but *un*equal" education of the past, they are determined to measure up to the American way of life in the effort to achieve full citizenship, which they have earned and rightfully deserve.

DR. E. B. HENDERSON
Virginia State Conference
N.A.A.C.P.
Falls Church, Virginia

A NOTE ON MEDICINE

To the Editor: Your Reporter's Note "Comparative Medicine" in the August 7 issue was misleading and not likely to help solve the problem of how to supply the best medical care to the most people of our country. You compare the British National Health Service and the American Medical Association. This comparison is not particularly useful, since the problem of meeting the health needs of a compact insular people is not the same faced by a widespread rural, urban, and suburban people.

The advances in British health which you cite are probably less attributable to the Health Service than to the advent of antibiotics (tuberculosis), steroids (rheumatic fever), prenatal care and serological testing (infant and maternal mortality), and preventive inoculation (whooping cough and diphtheria). I believe that most of these advances, with the notable exception of penicillin, were made in American laboratories, and again a comparison of the two countries is not useful because of the monetary and technical advantages available to us.

I do not believe that the A.M.A. is above criticism, but your particular criticism smacks of guilt by association. The A.M.A. is no less an organization because leaders of industry have written in its journal.

SIDNEY PERLMAN, M.D.
Cincinnati

To the Editor: I think that the argument in your Note "Comparative Medicine" can be fairly stated as follows: The mortality and morbidity rates of bacterial infections have been greatly reduced in Great Britain in the last ten years and this decrease occurred in the period during which the National Health Service has been in existence; *therefore,* the decrease is due to the N.H.S.

When a patient receives a shot from a British doctor, the syringe is not filled with N.H.S.; rather, it contains penicillin, streptomycin, chlortetracycline, chloramphenicol, or one of the many other antibiotics that have been developed or perfected in this country and in Europe since the end of World War II. Drugs, not N.H.S.'s or A.M.A.'s, cure diseases. Treatment can be as prompt and as free as you please, but if it is not the right kind of treatment, it is of no avail.

LEE WOOD
Detroit, Michigan

THE MIDDLE EAST

To the Editor: In his article "A Chronology of Failure" published in your August 7 issue, Senator Hubert Humphrey presents an incomplete analysis of the situation in the Middle East. Although he blames the present American policy for ignoring the Arab national hopes and aspirations, which is admittedly the main cause for the decline of American prestige throughout the Arab world, he himself fails to correct this mistake in the five proposals he makes.

The legitimate Arab rights concerning Palestine are utterly disregarded in Senator Humphrey's statement insisting that "the 1949 armistice boundaries constitute inviolable political boundaries. . . ." I am sure that Senator Humphrey is aware of the fact that Israel, as it stands today, constitutes a direct violation of the U.N. resolutions that created it. In 1948 Israel invaded and occupied half of the Arab state of Palestine, which according to the U.N. partition plan was to stand side by side with the Jewish state, thus dispossessing about a million Arab refugees of their farms, homes, and means of livelihood. Israel continues to ignore U.N. resolutions regarding the status of the city of Jerusalem.

I believe that these and other Israeli violations of U.N. resolutions regarding Palestine form the roots of the crisis in the Middle East. To be successful, any American policy should take the roots of the problem into consideration.

ISAM KABBANI
Research Officer
Arab States Delegations Office
New York

THE 'BROTHERS' ZWEIG

To the Editor: In his review of Alma Mahler Werfel's book *And the Bridge Is Love* (*The Reporter,* September 4), William Harlan Hale mentions "the brothers Arnold and Stefan Zweig."

German literature may have more famous siblings than any other can boast of—the Brothers Grimm, for instance, Schlegel, Hauptmann, Mann, and, most recently, Junger; but the Zweigs are positively not among them. Arnold is a Prussian (he was born in Gross-Glogau) and Stefan was an Austrian.

ERNEST S. PISKO
Boston

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ELEANOR ROOSEVELT and CHESTER BOWLES issue

A CLEAN POLITICS APPEAL

(Open contributions, openly solicited)

on behalf of:

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"A Clean Politics Appeal" was launched as an experiment in 1956—a volunteer effort to test whether the informed citizen would make a genuine effort to balance the flow of special interest money in politics. Thousands of Americans, from every state, responded to a series of advertisements signed by Archibald MacLeish and the late Elmer Davis. It contributed substantially to the successful campaigns of Senator Frank Church against Herman Welker in Idaho and Senator Wayne L. Morse against Douglas McKay in Oregon.

This year, a nationwide drive to stimulate political contributions by the general public has already been launched under bi-partisan auspices. The purpose of "A Clean Politics Appeal" is to provide a channel for pin-pointed contributions to those candidates who will make the greatest difference to the country as a whole in terms of the grave foreign policy and other problems now confronting us.

THE Senators who are elected in November will serve not only during the remaining years of the Eisenhower administration, but through the full term of the next president.

UNFORTUNATELY, it is often the more liberal and independent candidates who have the least money for campaigning. They are without access to wealthy supporters or special interest groups. Therefore, it is essential that public spirited citizens provide them with at least the minimum amount necessary to conduct their campaigns so that the voters' decisions can be based on knowledge of the facts and the issues.

• • •

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In Minnesota, 42-year-old Congressman ***Eugene J. McCarthy*** *(D) is running for the Senate seat now occupied by Senator Edward Thye. The organizer of a bloc of eighty liberals—known as "McCarthy's Mavericks"—who have been successfully prodding the venerable leadership on many basic issues, McCarthy is one of the most lustrous political figures to appear in many years.*

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE QUEMOY CRISIS in its latest recurrence has already been with us for quite a while. A number of people seem inclined to consider it a normal part of the business of living. We do not. Practically from the time it was founded, this magazine has untiringly insisted that our country's Chinese policy—a policy mainly determined by domestic considerations—presented one of the greatest dangers our nation has ever faced.

In our issue of January 3, 1950, **Max Ascoli** started his editorial with the following words: "Here it comes—another Great Debate on recognition. The last one we had was on Soviet Russia. This one is on Red China: Should we recognize it? Now as then, the whirlwinds of discussion revolve around a distressing fact: The government of a foreign country has been taken over by men who don't like us, whom we don't like, and whose overthrow we cannot foresee or bring about." That same year, in our issue of August 29, we asked: "Why shouldn't our government now propose to the U.N. that the Formosans, taking full advantage of their insularity, determine their destiny by themselves, with their own ballots?" And again, on April 7, 1955, we asked: "How can our leaders be moving toward an adventure in which we would find ourselves absolutely alone, engaged in a war that would be limited not by our self-imposed rules but by the quality and the amount of weapons the Russians might be willing to lend their Chinese allies? Don't our leaders know they are running the risk of losing Formosa—and much more than Formosa—in Quemoy?" We added a brief paragraph: "Sometimes it is gratifying to look at the pictures of our national leaders. They look quite vigorous and serene, even those who are not so young and travel a lot, like Secretary Dulles. It is obvious they manage to sleep at night."

Well, they slept indeed, and the result is the situation in which we now find ourselves. Max Ascoli's editorial places that situation against his long-standing concern.

Chalmers M. Roberts, of the Washington *Post and Times Herald*, has been closely following our China policy in Washington. Brigadier General **Thomas R. Phillips,** U.S.A. (Ret.), was on the island of Quemoy in September, 1954, when what he calls the Quemoy hoax was perpetrated. **O. Edmund Clubb** spent eighteen years in China with our Foreign Service and was director of the State Department's Office of Chinese Affairs. Recognized as one of the most competent of the old China hands, he is—as might be expected—no longer working for the government.

Arthur S. Miller, professor of law at Emory University, shows the calculated strategy of the legal moves that Southerners are now making against integration. . . . Our regular European correspondent, **Edmond Taylor,** reports on the fateful referendum that will decide the structure of the Fifth French Republic. . . . **John Van Camp,** who is on the Washington staff of the Baltimore *Sun*, discusses the complicated politicking that went on over the labor-reform bill. . . . Staff writer **Marya Mannes** describes a walk she took one morning in London recently. . . . Our Washington editor, **Douglass Cater,** has been on leave from *The Reporter* and has been traveling about the world as holder of an Eisenhower Fellowship. He has just returned to this country from India. . . . **Ralph Lee Smith,** who discusses fund-raising and veterans' organizations, is a management consultant and free-lance writer living in New York.

Marcus Cunliffe is the author of *George Washington: Man and Monument* (Little, Brown). . . . **Nat Hentoff** is co-author of *The Jazz Makers*, and *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya*, (both books published by Rinehart). . . . **Roger Maren** is a musicologist living in Princeton. . . . **Otto Friedrich** is a New York free-lance writer and editor. . . . **Nora Magid** is on *The Reporter* staff.

Our cover is by **Fred Zimmer.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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This Talk of Munich

THERE IS A commendable quality about the Warsaw negotiations: at long last old-fashioned diplomacy gets a chance. A task demanding the most professional subtlety has been entrusted to two ambassadors who are supposed to negotiate a lessening of the Quemoy difficulties while avoiding anything that even implicitly might be considered a settlement of the diplomatic relations between the two great powers they represent.

Of the two Chinese governments, only that of Peking participates in the Warsaw parleys, and no one, not even our national leaders, knows to what extent the decisions reached may be accepted by Chiang Kai-shek. Actually while our government is asking for a cease-fire, a stalemate is the nearest approximation to peace the two Chinese governments may consider. But there can be no armistice between them. Similarly, normal peaceful relations between the United States and Communist China are not even contemplated by our government.

The world had come to consider as a normal state of affairs the uneasy stalemate in the Formosa Strait. A sort of reciprocal containment prevailed there, with a certain amount of ceremonial and habit-forming shooting on both sides. But as the firepower of the two Chinas, still fighting their civil war, increased—particularly on the Communist side—the emergency arose that has led to the Warsaw parleys.

In these parleys our government insists, as it has done for years, that Red China must renounce the use of force. This is an extraordinarily momentous demand to make of any government, no matter whether the war in which it is engaged, or about to be engaged, is civil or otherwise.

The United Nations Charter has created at least the instrumentalities that make it legitimate to enjoin a member nation from resorting to force. But in asking the Peking government not to use force the administration cannot accuse it of having violated any covenant since the United States does not recognize that government and opposes its entrance into the U.N.

When it asks China to renounce the use of force in its civil war, the administration cannot pretend to be acting for the U.N., or for any one of the alliances to which we belong. Against China our government has no other ally than Formosa, and Peking can be expected to respect the no-force injunction only if confronted by an overwhelmingly superior force the United States is ready and willing to use.

No wonder our allies—the real ones—are, to say the least, dismayed. They know that whatever superiority in armament the United States may still have over the Sino-Soviet bloc can no longer be called overwhelming. Moreover, they were never consulted before the presumably irrevocable decision was reached to make of Quemoy the Thermopylae of western civilization.

Our country will be without allies —or with only the most marginal of them all—should the administration decide to use force in order to impose on China its no-force decree.

THERE IS a name for this isolation of a country from its allies that leaves the initiative for the final showdown to the enemy. This name is Munich. Munich has come to mean—and with reason—panicky, thoughtless diplomacy.

In the particular case of Quemoy, the President, by calling any possible disengagement from that island a Munich, has made certain in advance that when a measure of disengagement occurs, Chiang Kai-shek, together with his American friends and our enemies all over the world, will cry out long and loud that we have dishonored ourselves at a new Munich.

The original Munich thoroughly discredited and isolated the two major European democracies. In 1938, as now, the aim was to keep things unchanged at any price. The major difference, of course, is that in 1938 it was thought that war could be avoided by shunning it while now it is thought that war can be avoided by going through the motions of rushing into it. These two parallel forms of foolishness well deserve the same name.

STILL, THE IRREVOCABLE has not yet happened. We are not yet at war over that preposterous island. We have not yet lost our allies, and indeed, they can perhaps help us see the light of reason. For the power of our nation does not belong to our nation alone, and we cannot give up the system of alliances that we have built since the war for the sake of Formosa's Chiang Kai-shek.

Our leaders have gone so far as to link the power, the prestige of our nation to the defense of an untenable position while at the same time entrusting whatever hope there may be of avoiding war to negotiations between two great powers that do not recognize each other's existence. The pressure of opinion in the grand alliance and in the United Nations will acquire such impetus that our government, as well as that of Peking, will have to acknowledge it as irresistible. Then the Warsaw parleys will proceed in earnest and their aim will be not just a cease-fire but peace.

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Caught in a Trap Of Our Own Making

CHALMERS M. ROBERTS

TWO-THIRDS of the way through his September 9 press conference, Secretary Dulles, by then ill at ease under a barrage of probing questions, declared that the Quemoy-Matsu "situation today is almost an exact replica of the situation that existed about four years ago." He did add that "there may be some new factors," the "somewhat" changed attitudes of the Chinese Communists and Russians.

Two days later, President Eisenhower flew back to Washington from Rhode Island to address the nation on the Formosa Strait crisis. Referring to the Formosa Resolution passed by Congress in January, 1955, he said that "at that time the situation was similar to what it is today."

This attitude is backed by Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs Walter Robertson and his pro-Chiang Kai-shek followers in the administration. They claim that a parallel exists because Communist China once again is showing aggressive tendencies, once again claiming the right to "liberate" the offshore islands and Formosa by force, and once again using force against the key islands still in Chiang's hands.

It seems to me, however, and to a good many in the capital both in and out of the administration that the changes from the 1954-1955 Quemoy crisis greatly outbalance the similarities—and that the administration, and thereby the nation, is in trouble because it has not adopted policy to the new set of facts.

THE TWO critical changes in the intervening years are these: Communist China now possesses the military capability to overwhelm the ninety-thousand-man Nationalist garrison and the forty thousand civilians on Big Quemoy, and the lesser numbers on the other offshore islands. It can do this thanks to Soviet-supplied artillery capable, as has been demonstrated, of lobbing shells on every possible point on Quemoy where the Nationalists may attempt to land supplies, food, and reinforcements. Given no "unleashing" of Chiang's air power against the Communist batteries and given no U.S. decision to use American planes or guns to knock out the batteries, Peking has the power to strangle Quemoy.

The second critical change is Peking's increased willingness to take risks, backed this time by a public pledge from Khrushchev that an attack on Communist China is an attack on the Soviet Union. It is true, and this is important, that Khrushchev did not give this pledge until *after* September 6, when Chou En-lai said that China was prepared to resume the then suspended Sino-American ambassadorial talks on the Formosa Strait issue. Still, Khrushchev did make the statement, something he did not do after Chou, at the 1955 Bandung Conference, pulled the fuze from the Quemoy crisis by his initial offer to talk directly with the United States.

In the period between the two crises, Peking and Washington held firm in their past positions. The former insisted on its right to "liberate" the islands; the latter refused to admit Peking's use of force. Unfortunately, however, the force which Peking was asked to renounce kept increasing and the United States did not care to suggest any diplomatic formula that might have obviated or discouraged its use.

Only under this September bombardment has Dulles now said he is willing to revise his demand for a pledge to something "along more detailed or specific lines and not quite so much in terms of generalities."

What Happened Last Time

As I described in "Battle on 'the Rim of Hell': President vs. War Hawks," *The Reporter,* December 16, 1954, the Quemoy affair began with a Communist shelling on September 3 of that year. On September 12, at an extraordinary National Security Council meeting in Denver where the President was vacationing, Mr. Eisenhower rejected a recommendation by three of the four then members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff that Chiang be allowed immediately to bomb inland China and that, if an all-out Communist attack on Quemoy developed, American planes should join the Nationalist bombing operations. Initially, Dulles had concurred in the recommendation, to which only Army Chief of Staff Matthew Ridgway had objected. Of the three JCS "Yes" votes, one was cast by Air Force Chief of Staff Nathan F. Twining, the only one of the three still on the JCS, of which he is now chairman.

Eisenhower also took steps of a more positive character. One was to "releash" Chiang as the price for the mutual-security treaty with the United States that the Generalissimo had long sought. The Taipei press then attacked the move as a new "Yalu sanctuary policy"—just as the Nationalists have now grown restive over the "leash" in the latest bombardment of Quemoy by Communist batteries and claimed they should be allowed to attack them by air.

Second, the President asked Dulles to see whether the United Nations

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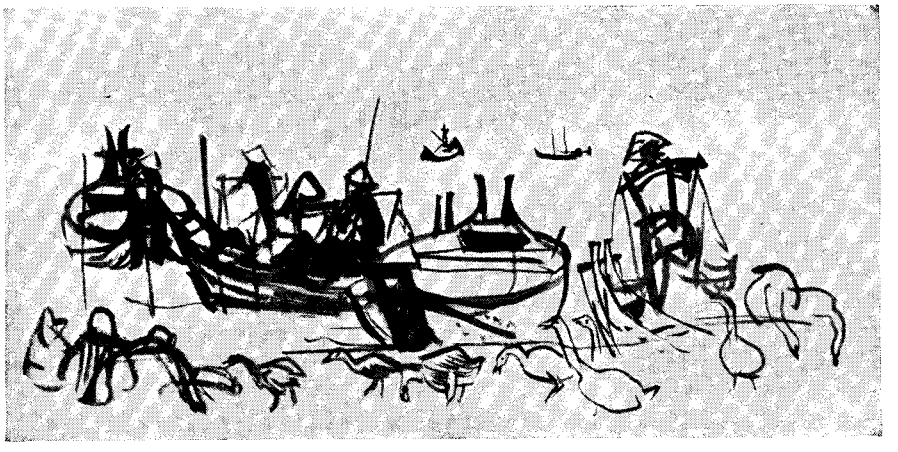
could help diplomatically despite Communist China's exclusion from membership, or at least to try all possible means of negotiation. The U.N. moves, made under cover, were abortive. Not until months later did Chou offer direct talks—after the Reds had taken one of the Tachens by force and Chiang had been evacuated from the others, and about the time Eisenhower asked Congress for the Formosa Resolution powers. The talks finally began in mid-1955.

In 1954 the President sought to chart a "middle road" between war with Communist China and negotiation that might have led to recognition of Peking. He was strongly influenced by his knowledge of the effect of nuclear weapons, something the public then knew far less about than it does today. It was on October 19, 1954, barely five weeks after he had rejected the JCS recommendation, that he declared his conviction that "since the advent of nuclear weapons, it seems clear that there is no longer any alternative to peace, if there is to be a happy and well world."

Dulles, Robertson, and others in the administration have constantly rejected the idea that the United States could simply "order" or "force" Chiang off the offshore islands if it really tried. Nationalist China, said Dulles on September 9 this year, is "not a puppet of ours."



At that same press conference Dulles said the United States had done nothing after the 1955 Tachen evacuation to urge or encourage Chiang to build up his forces on Quemoy and Matsu. But, he added, to say that "is a different thing again" from saying "that we did not actively oppose it."

The full story has never been told, but the essential facts are plain enough. Chiang's interest in the islands is and always has been as stepping stones for his return to the mainland. To put "a hundred miles of blue water" between Chiang and Mao, as the British proposed in 1955, would destroy all hopes of such a return for Chiang and his still hopeful and still influential American supporters.

It was a wrench for Chiang to get out of the Tachen Islands. But he thought that he was receiving a firm commitment with a formal Presidential statement that the Eisenhower administration would include the offshore islands within the American defense perimeter, though they had been excluded in the mutual-security treaty and left to Presidential discretion in the Formosa Resolution.

Joseph Alsop has written that Dulles gave this commitment to Chiang's Foreign Minister, George Yeh, who has now become his envoy to Washington, and that it was overridden by the President. A number of State Department reporters vividly recall a furious Yeh emerging from the front row of offices charging, in effect, that he had been double-crossed.

The President thus refused to go as far as the pro-Chiang elements in the administration and Congress then demanded. But he also stopped short of the surgery that would have avoided the current crisis, forcing Chiang out of Quemoy and Matsu while he was getting out of the Tachens.

When the Communists started to shell Quemoy again in February, 1955, Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Walter F. George began to worry about what he might answer if the President asked his opinion on whether he should invoke the Formosa Resolution to go to Chiang's aid. George decided to poll privately the Senate Democratic Policy Committee.

I learned what was going on and asked George about it. The senator told me that the policy committee had unanimously advised him to give a "No" answer to Eisenhower, if asked. But George swore me to secrecy on the ground that to print the story might encourage the Reds to attack. It has never been printed until now. So far as I know, Eisenhower never asked George the question because the attack tapered off and Chou's offer to negotiate followed.

George formally urged the administration to negotiate, but his advice was not actually followed until the administration found it expedient to eliminate the Communist China issue from the agenda of the 1955 Geneva Summit Conference in July.

Bilateral talks, conducted in Geneva between U. Alexis Johnson, then envoy to Prague, and Wang Ping-nan, Peking's envoy in Warsaw, continued until December 12, 1957. They produced an agreement to release Americans held in Communist China, an agreement only partially honored (four still remain), and a long and fruitless argument on the American demand that Peking renounce the use of force.

The United States may have considered the idea of tentatively suggesting that it might take the initiative of urging Chiang to evacuate the offshore islands if Peking would renounce the use of force. But there is no objective evidence that any such step, no matter how tentative, was ever taken.

It Was No Secret

During the long period of the talks, nearly two and a half years, intelligence reports described the Communists military build-up across from Quemoy and Matsu, especially opposite the Quemoy group of islands. Most of these reports were printed in the press. On December 13, 1955,

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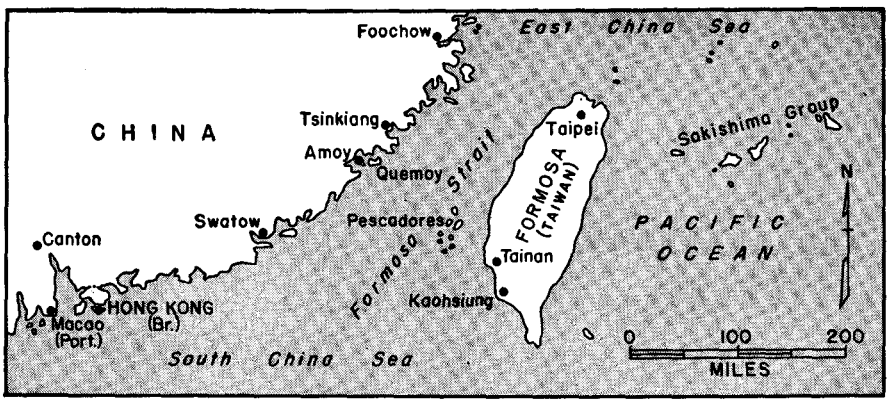
for example, the New York *Times* carried a dispatch from Quemoy quoting the Nationalist commander there as saying that American policy was preventing him from carrying out harassing raids on Communist artillery construction work aimed at the island. The commander pointed out that the Chinese already were bringing up Soviet-made 122-mm. and 152-mm. guns which could cover the entire island.

Nor was there any secret about the construction of a new ring of jet airfields or of the new railroad line to nearby Amoy or of a causeway from the mainland to Amoy Island and another to Tateng Island—all moves that have proved their importance in this year's bombardment of Quemoy. The American answer was to ship more equipment to Chiang, which he put on Quemoy.

The Sino-American talks came to an end in December, 1957, when Ambassador Johnson was transferred from Prague to Bangkok. Six months before this happened, I wrote a story in the Washington *Post and Times Herald* saying that Dulles had rejected a proposal by Assistant Secretary Robertson to end the Geneva talks because Dulles wanted to keep open a channel of direct communications, even though the meetings by then were monthly *pro forma* affairs that got nowhere. Although the information came from sources which had always proved reliable, Robertson categorically denied that he had ever made or that Dulles had rejected such a proposal.

At the final Johnson-Wang meeting, Johnson informed Wang that he would be succeeded by Edwin W. Martin, then first secretary in the London embassy. Peking soon objected, contending, correctly, that the two sides had agreed to talks on the ambassadorial level. A fruitless exchange of notes followed. Peking delivered an ultimatum on resuming the talks. The United States carefully waited until after the date had passed and then announced this August 1 that its ambassador in Warsaw, Jacob Beam, had been designated to continue them. This was the offer accepted by Chou on September 6 and "welcomed" the same day by Eisenhower.

When the present crisis began, the United States—first Dulles and then



the President—said publicly that the islands had become more important to the defense of Formosa because of Chiang's additional commitments there, commitments the United States had not objected to even if it had not actually encouraged them. And when the present Joint Chiefs of Staff took the position this August that the islands were not, in strictly military terms, necessary to the defense of Formosa, Dulles evolved and had the President approve what James Reston in the New York *Times* has termed the Dulles Doctrine.

Flag Raising on Quemoy

As Reston put it (and Dulles's aides say it is an apt description): "His principle, in short, [is] that any use of force by Moscow or Peiping in this area [the western Pacific] is a crime that threatens world order and that it is a 'vital interest' of the United States to oppose it by force of arms since no Communist target in the area could be isolated from any and all other potential targets."

On this basis, the President in his radio-TV speech of September 11 all but nailed the flag to Quemoy. Here the United States will make its stand, the administration says, a stand to save not just a tiny speck of land but to save a great principle.

Some congressional critics are saying that the administration is going beyond the Formosa Resolution, which allowed the President to defend the offshore islands if he should decide that it was necessary to do so for the defense of Formosa. They contend, with much reason, that Congress meant necessary for the *military* defense of Formosa.

Dulles is now anxious to keep the diplomatic negotiations within the bilateral Sino-American frame. But the convening of the new U.N. General Assembly makes that all but impossible. Yet the U.N. probably can do little because Communist China remains outside—though some in Washington believe that Peking will send a delegation to New York to state its case before the General Assembly, if asked. Certainly the Communist bloc is using the Formosa Strait crisis to further the case for Peking's admission.

As in all the crises of this administration, Dulles is the key official. This time he is following closely the tough Robertson line. And this time the President's resistance has been much weaker. Still, there is evidence that Eisenhower has expressed hope privately as well as publicly for a negotiated solution.

MANY diplomats in Washington believe the United States is falling into a trap set by the Chinese—maybe by both Peking and Taipei. Certainly, barring some unexpectedly ingenious and successful method of getting supplies through, a point is likely to be reached when Washington will have to decide whether the "defense" of Quemoy includes action against the Communist batteries on the mainland. Given the relatively reckless attitude in Peking, it may be that that is exactly what Peking has been hoping for—an "aggressive" American attack for all the world to see.

This time the United States and the President personally have laid the chips down. This is no replica of 1954-1955 but an entirely different situation—one whose outcome cannot be predicted on the basis of experience.

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The Military Worth Of Quemoy

THOMAS R. PHILLIPS, Brigadier General, U.S.A. (Ret.)

PERHAPS AT NO TIME in our history have professional military men been more unhappy and more doubtful about the idea of war than in the current crisis over two little groups of islands off the coast of mainland China. The Joint Chiefs of Staff are agreed that the Quemoy and Matsu groups, the first within the harbor of Amoy and the second off the mouth of the Min River, on which is the port of Foochow, are of negligible or of no importance, in a strictly military sense, to the defense of Formosa.

Formosa (Taiwan), more than one hundred miles distant from the mainland, is easily and fully defensible until such time—perhaps a decade hence—when the Communist Chinese have acquired a stock of nuclear weapons and a substantial naval force to cope with the U.S. Navy. Since the Red Chinese have no such naval force now, the military planners are unable to follow the President's reasoning, as expressed in his report to the American people on September 11: "It is as certain as can be that the shooting which the Communists started on August 23 had as its purpose not just taking the island of Quemoy. It is part of what is indeed an ambitious plan of armed conquest. This plan would liquidate all of the free world positions in the Western Pacific area and bring them under captive governments which would be hostile to the United States and the free world. Thus the Chinese and Russian Communists would come to dominate at least the western half of the now friendly Pacific Ocean."

Without a Navy

How can this attack be launched if the mainland Chinese have no fleet with which to reach Formosa, Japan, or the Philippines? As military men see the situation, mainland China is utterly powerless as an offensive naval power and cannot threaten any island nations of the western Pacific with invasion. Furthermore, as far as is known, it has no atomic weapons for either blackmail or destructive purposes—though this situation is expected to change soon and may have changed already.

BUT AS a land power the mainland Chinese have the second largest army in the world and the third largest air force, composed entirely of interceptor, tactical support, and light bomber aircraft. The consequences of war with China would not be the loss of Formosa, Japan, and the Philippines, but more likely, as the military planners see it, renewed attacks on the U.S. allies of South Korea and South Vietnam and assaults on Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, and possibly Burma. By carrying on the war against our allies on the Asian mainland, the Chinese with their huge army would have the United States at a great disadvantage, considering the comparatively small size of our army and the great distances over which it must be transported. Indeed, the United States is as unequal to the Chinese on land in Asia as China is unequal to the United States on the ocean—assuming, of course, that a war between the two powers would be fought with conventional weapons.

If the United States should use nuclear weapons to protect the offshore islands from invasion, the Soviet Union would be forced to give its foremost ally atomic weapons with which to fight back. The Soviet Union now equals the United States in the production of fissionable material. Its stock of weapons, however, is probably not more than a third of ours—large enough, of course, to supply the Chinese with enough atomic bombs to destroy everything of military consequence on Formosa and to chase the Seventh Fleet out of range of the Soviet Il-28 jet bombers with which the Chinese Air Force is equipped. U.S. air power in the western Pacific is not sufficient to prevent such a sequence of events. But the Strategic Air Command can, in return, destroy the ports, communications, and industry of much of China.

This is the real concern of our military planners in the event of war with China, not the destruction of our allies in the western Pacific. They do not like what they see. They would support a necessary war, regardless of the outlook, but they have little stomach for a war over an issue of little consequence fought, as they believe, to get our diplomats out of a trap of their own devising.

What Can the Reason Be?

To the military, the whole position we are in is so incredible that they are groping for some hidden reason that might give it some sense. They wonder if this is not just some more of the Secretary of State's brinksmanship, and hope that neither he nor the President means what they seem to say. They fear the worst: that the Nationalist régime in Formosa is threatened by subversion, and that Mr. Dulles's great show in response to the threatened attack on Quemoy is for the purpose of bolstering the Nationalist government.

It is generally believed that war may be avoided, but it is feared that all three of the big powers involved—the United States, the Soviet Union, and the People's Republic of China—may be taking such rigid positions that they may be unable to draw back and that a war might follow that no one wanted, a war that easily could involve the Soviet Union actively and would be certain to involve it in material support of China, a war in which the United States will be without allies, except such of them as are attacked by Communist China.

IN A NUMBER of ways the Formosa situation has become more rather than less confused since Congress voted the Formosa Resolution in January, 1955.

The legal status of Formosa is completely different from that of

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the offshore islands. Formosa was Japanese territory from 1895 until the surrender of 1945. The offshore islands are territorially a part of mainland China and are a subject of dispute between the successful revolutionary Chinese Communist government and the defeated government of Chiang Kai-shek. The offshore islands are Chinese territory where the Chinese civil war is still raging. Under international law, Formosa is not Chinese territory, and its ultimate disposition remains subject to decision by the major powers that fought the war.

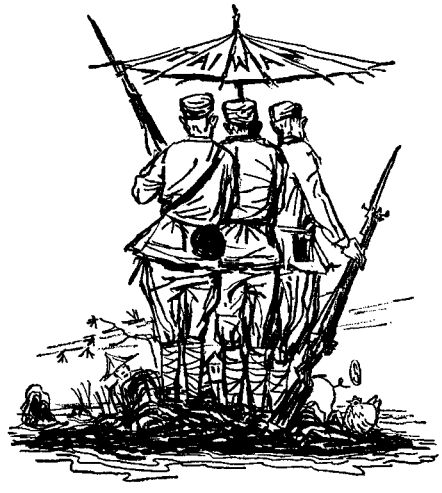
It is legal for Chiang Kai-shek to establish a blockade and enforce it if he is able. It is also legal and legitimate for Communist China to resist the blockade by force, or in turn to blockade any territory held by the other side. The United States, by associating the defense of the offshore islands with the defense of Formosa, and by assisting in the defense of the offshore islands and in breaking the Communist blockade, is intervening in the Chinese civil war.

In that unrelenting war, the Nationalists have been maintaining a blockade of the harbors of Amoy and Foochow and the Fukien coast for years. These are the only two ports with real connections to the interior in the thousand miles between Hangchow-Shanghai and Canton. The effect of the Nationalist blockade on the Chinese mainland is much as if on our Pacific Coast the entrances to the Columbia River and Portland harbor and San Francisco harbor were blockaded by a hostile power allied to the Soviet Union, leaving only Puget Sound to the north and Los Angeles and San Diego to the south open to shipping.

The Hoax of Quemoy

The mutual-security treaty with the Nationalist government was signed in December, 1954. This was effected by a hoax perpetrated by the Nationalists in regard to the Communist bombardment of Quemoy on September 3, 1954. After the start of the Communist propaganda drive for the "liberation" of the offshore islands, two landing ships were set up as a dock on Quemoy by the Nationalists. The dock formed a "T" where supply ships could unload. It was carefully placed within sight and easy range of Amoy—under the Communists' noses. Naturally they bombarded it. The Nationalists presented this action, which had been provoked by themselves, as evidence of impending invasion. Nationalist air force and artillery went into action—the air force strafing harmless fishing craft, the artillery fire never exceeding thirty rounds a day. Mr. Dulles, who was at the SEATO Conference in Manila at the time, hastened to Formosa and agreed to the mutual-security treaty the Nationalists had long been angling for. Now, once again, Chiang Kai-shek is threatening to loose his air force.

BEFORE the Tachen Islands were evacuated in February, 1955, as a consequence of the Communist assault and capture of one of the group, it was feared that the Matsu group would be next on the list. The President asked and obtained



from Congress authorization to use the armed forces of the United States to defend Formosa and the Pescadores and "such related positions and territories . . . and the taking of such other measures as he judges to be required or appropriate in assuring the defense of Formosa and the Pescadores." Thus the congressional resolution, which had been largely prompted by the alleged risk to which Quemoy had been exposed, did not directly include the protection of Quemoy. The offshore islands were to be defended only if in the President's judgment they were considered vital to the defense of Formosa. However, in his message to Congress transmitting the resolution the President declared: "If any unforeseen emergency arises requiring any change, I will communicate with the Congress."

But within a little more than two months the President forgot about military reasons connected with defending the offshore islands as incidental to the defense of Formosa (there never were any such reasons anyway). At his press conference of March 30, 1955, he talked about the islands as important to Nationalist morale. "You have to have forces there [Formosa] who are of high morale . . . And we must be careful not to destroy their morale. And that is the factor that you must always calculate when you talk about surrendering this place or that place or doing anything else."

ONCE AGAIN the President has changed his line. At his press conference on August 27, 1958, replying in response to a question about their importance, he said: "Well, they have this importance: what we call the Chinese, the Nationalist Chinese, have now deployed about a third of their forces to certain of these islands west of the Pescadores, and that makes a closer interlocking between defense systems with Formosa than was the case before. Before that, I think, they were largely thought of as outposts, strongly held but outpost positions, but nevertheless, outposts. Now, apparently the thing, the philosophy is that to hold the whole thing it is part of the territory from which they hope to make their living, so there is a closer relationship than there was before."

By this statement the President's train of thought seemed to be that the Nationalists had placed a third of their forces on these outposts, and if the outposts were lost the defense of Formosa would be more difficult because so many troops would be lost and, consequently, it had become more important to defend them. This is the apparent evolution of how the President gradually came to accept the defense of the offshore islands. Formosa remains, as it has been all along, in no danger—unless a nuclear war, undertaken for the defense of Quemoy, should lead to its devastation.

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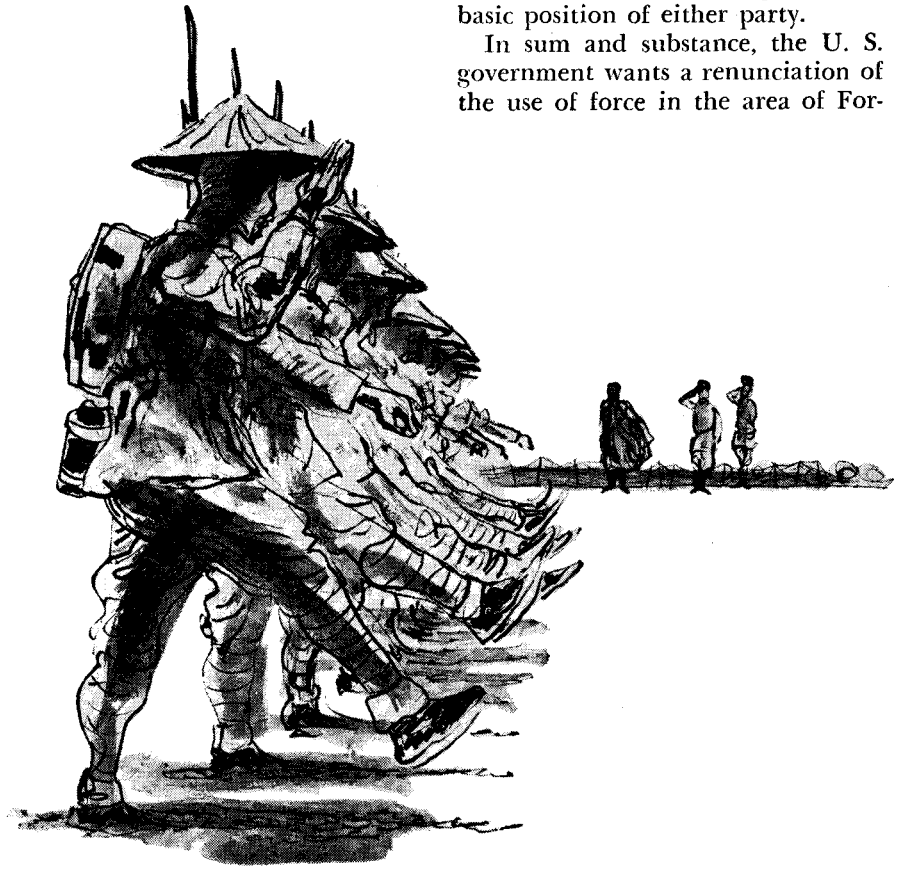
Chiang's Shadow Over Warsaw

O. EDMUND CLUBB

IT TAKES TWO to start a fight. And two are usually enough to make peace; but in the conflict over the Chinese offshore islands, it takes three. Both President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles have qualified their willingness to negotiate with the Chinese Communists by a stipulation that has governed the ambassadorial discussions ever since they began in 1955: the United States will not be a party to any arrangements that "would prejudice the rights of our ally, the Republic of China." The United States and Communist Chinese ambassadors may meet in Warsaw, but the important participants in the negotiations include not only the shadows of Chou En-lai and John Foster Dulles but also that of Chiang Kai-shek.

The administration has said that the ambassadorial negotiations offer an alternative to war. In his press conference on September 9 Mr. Dulles stated: "We hope that out of the talks will come as a minimum a *modus vivendi* which will assure that the issues will not be resolved by recourse to force."



WHAT CAN the *modus vivendi* be? The basic question all along has been whether the United States will concede the "right" of the Chinese Communists to "liberate" the offshore islands and Formosa and the Pescadores, by force if need be; or whether Peking will promise not to employ force to disturb the status quo, including our military relationship with the Nationalist régime. Even the most optimistic study of recent official statements from Peking and Washington discloses no essential change in the basic position of either party.

In sum and substance, the U. S. government wants a renunciation of the use of force in the area of Formosa and the China coast. In this light, there may be one matter that could be negotiated at Warsaw to the benefit of both Communist China and the United States: World opinion would doubtless applaud an American proposal that the Nationalist garrisons on Quemoy and other offshore islands be permitted to withdraw under safe-conduct. There are many who feel that the offshore islands belong rightfully to the Chinese mainland and that they are unnecessary for the defense of either the United States or Formosa anyway.

The successful evacuation of the Nationalist garrison from the Tachen Islands in 1955, under similar circumstances, confirms the feasibility of the proposed action. Not one Nationalist soldier need be lost in the operation, and an adjustment of the American position in that sector might enable us to enlist substantial international support for a different disposition of Formosa and the Pescadores, where the legal foundation is more favorable to our stand.

Radio Peking and Mr. Dulles in the U.N. both stand pat. Yet it would obviously be to the advantage of both Communist China and the United States if a compromise could be reached in Warsaw. The matter should be a proper subject for negotiation. But what about Chiang Kai-shek? Would he give his consent, or would he apply the veto we have given him to a fair proposition promising general benefits—ultimately for Formosa itself?

Yeh's 'No'

It is obvious that Chiang is primarily concerned with his personal ambition to return to power on the mainland. He has said time and time again that he will not make peace.

The Nationalist position was affirmed as recently as September 12 by Dr. George Yeh, the new Nationalist ambassador, as he arrived in Washington. A reporter asked him whether, if the Communists accepted Dulles's proposal for a renunciation of force, the Nationalists would do the same. Dr. Yeh: "No, repeat, no." Was there the possibility of a negotiated settlement for the "neutralization" of the offshore

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islands? "Ridiculous," said Dr. Yeh. Chiang's envoy also made it clear that his government would not agree to a withdrawal of Nationalist troops from Quemoy or Matsu. His proscription was comprehensive: "We shall neither be cowed into submission nor be persuaded by any third party to accept a political solution over any part of our territory."

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER has said that the Quemoy situation is a threat to world peace and should be negotiated in order to prevent the outbreak of war. But our Nationalist allies, who agree with the Communists that the dispute between them is civil war, say that the matter is not subject to political solution. The question then becomes: Would Chiang give in to American insistence if the sole alternative offered him were to face the Chinese Communist forces at Quemoy with only his own military forces?

History is suggestive. During the Second World War, Chiang attempted to force a billion-dollar loan out of the U.S. government with the argument that a decision to reduce the strategic priority of Asia in the war effort would have "repercussions . . . so disheartening" for the Chinese army and people that he feared China could not hold out much longer against Japan. President Roosevelt did not hand over the billion; neither did China surrender to Japan.

Similarly in September, 1947, when the Nationalists were trying to gain increased American support for their civil-war effort, Nationalist Vice-President Sun Fo threatened that China would seek an alignment with the Soviet Union if the desired political and economic help were not forthcoming, because "China, in the struggle between the Powers, must adapt herself where it is most advantageous immediately or in the long run." The Nationalist government shortly afterward proposed that the United States provide a fund of $3 billion for aid to China. By the China Aid Act of the following April, it got less than one-sixth of that amount, but the Nationalist régime did not thereupon throw itself into the arms of the Soviet Union.

It is clear that Chiang will do everything he can to exact all possible political and military support from the United States; but he is not going to destroy himself and his government if he doesn't get what he demands.

The Generalissimo's Last Chance

Nevertheless, a major reason for the administration's present stand on the Quemoy matter is obviously a deep fear about the possible ill effects any retreat from the offshore islands would have on the Nationalists' morale. The Nationalist political structure is of course even weaker today than it was a few years ago. Would the Nationalist régime collapse if it were deprived of Quemoy and Matsu?

We should not forget the anti-American riots of May, 1957, at Taipei. But they were staged for the express purpose of dramatizing Nationalist dissatisfaction with our policy. Such "popular demonstrations" might easily occur again, as they have on various past occasions, without actually signifying popular discontent. It is unlikely that the Nationalist régime would foster an "Americans, go home!" campaign over withdrawal from Quemoy. It is equally improbable that the people of Formosa, four-fifths of whom are native Formosans and have never set foot on the China mainland, would rise up to protest the loss of a few small islands that never belonged to them.

TO BE SURE, the morale of the Nationalist leaders is low; after all, their only hope during the past decade has been that of entrapping the United States into fighting a war to restore them to rule in China. The Nationalist morale would sink lower still if there were a withdrawal from the offshore islands—but only because it would mean the loss of what may be the last chance to draw the United States into war.

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AT HOME & ABROAD

The Strategy Of Southern Resistance

ARTHUR S. MILLER

"ONCE OPEN the prospect that this thing can be licked, and it would be extremely dangerous. Opposition to desegregation would then no longer be the dying reflex of a vanishing way of life. It would become legitimate."

The statement came from Harold C. Fleming, the man who heads the Southern Regional Council, one of the few Southern organizations working to improve racial relations. He spoke in the sparsely furnished cubicle he calls his office, situated in a church annex a few hundred yards away from Georgia's capitol buildings in Atlanta.

Fleming had spotted the key issue in the complex series of legal maneuvers to circumvent desegregation now being tested in the Federal courts. For it seems to be true that whatever form resistance to the Supreme Court decisions takes—and there are many forms—the basic strategy is simple: create and nurture the notion that the decisions can be beaten back and then exploit the opportunity.

SEEN in this way, the legal maneuvers of Southern states have definite political overtones. As is normally the case in times of constitutional crisis, law and politics are inextricably intertwined—and neither can be viewed in isolation from the other. Tactics may and do vary from locality to locality, but the central concept of establishing doubt about eventual compliance is fundamental to the strategic plan. It is, in fact, *the* plan, which, if successful, will turn back the tide of the Negro drive for equality.

Thus, statutes are pushed through state legislatures with scarcely a dissenting vote. A drumfire of harassment to keep local sentiment whipped up rolls out from a hundred platforms. Delay through protracted litigation, the segregationists hope, will help gain the time necessary to win the political battle. Through delay they think that eventually new allies will be gained in the North, particularly in cities where Negro migration from the South has been heaviest. They bank on the Northern custom of thinking only sporadically about the South and its problems and then placing the Southern stepchild in a closet, out of sight and mind. And they feel that Northerners today are beginning to tire of the Negro "problem" and want only an end to the legal and journalistic warfare.

Even the most die-hard zealots do not expect to win complete reversal of the Supreme Court's decisions. But they believe that success by evasion, or by what they prefer to call "legal avoidance," is possible. They welcome President Eisenhower's "go slower" statement, and find in the outbreak of racial violence in England evidence of the rightness of their code of racial relations. Any victory, even such a partial one as District Judge Harry J. Lemley's go-slower order in Little Rock, seems to assume major significance.

The Tactics of Delay

Under the strategic plan, the attack assumes a number of forms, some "honorable and lawful," others of doubtful moral validity. A systematic campaign of vilification of the Supreme Court is carried out, designed to create disrespect for that

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body. Alliances are made with other groups unhappy about recent Supreme Court decisions, through which unrelenting pressure is kept on the Court. With it comes an attack on all forms of Federal power having an adverse effect on the South.

The legal devices employed are all designed to cause delay and to wear down the opposition. They fall into two distinct types.

First, there are the state laws backed up in the courts by the states' legal counsel (which is what Governor Marvin Griffin of Georgia means when he says that the "total resources of the state" will fight desegregation). These laws, though enacted in an atmosphere of blatant defiance, are attempts to probe for chinks in the wall and find a way simultaneously to maintain the present public-school system and to avoid out-and-out conflict. Hence the rash of plans—of private schools and pupil placement, school closing, and tuition grants—so much in the headlines during recent months. And here there is at least a superficial appearance of validity—for it is true that, emotion and casuistry aside, it is essential to the American legal system that a person can challenge and attempt to reverse an adverse decision.

The second technique is double-edged in effect. On the one hand, it involves the use of law and legal process to harass anyone who gets too strenuous in attempting to further desegregation. A recent illustration of this aspect came when Clennon King attempted to enroll at the University of Mississippi. He found himself unceremoniously bundled off to the nearest mental hospital for examination. All very lawful. All quite in order. He was later released as sane—but the desired effect of no enrollment came about. Another example of the harrying technique is the spate of punitive actions against the N.A.A.C.P., all of which are calculated to keep the leaders so busy fighting off attacks that they won't have the time or energy for an attack of their own.

The other side of the coin is a calculated campaign of nonco-operation with Federal authorities. Governor Faubus provides a ready example. Another is Judge Walter I. Geer in Georgia with his fulminations against Federal authority. The point here is to stay carefully within the law, but to do nothing not expressly required by law (Faubus) or to insist on absolute adherence to every minute detail (Geer).

All of this is the real meaning of "interposition"—the constitutional doctrine resurrected and dusted off by several Southern states in 1956. In resolutions which J. Lindsay Almond, the then attorney general (now governor) of Virginia, admitted had no legal effect, the state legis-

latures agreed "to take all appropriate measures honorably, legally and constitutionally available to us, to resist this illegal encroachment upon our sovereign powers."

Five Pillars of Casuistry

We are witnessing now the details of the policy of interposition—the modern version of a process started as long ago as 1798 by Jefferson and climaxed by Calhoun's doctrine of nullification. Today it is a more sophisticated model, for the interpositionist now does not seek a real showdown of Federal versus state power. Rather, a guerrilla warfare of delay and harassment is fought, aimed at erosion of the principle of desegregation.

In more specific terms, at least five types of statutes have been enacted in efforts to stave off school integration:

¶ *Pupil Placement.* This simply means that the local school boards' power to assign students to schools is taken away and placed in the hands of a state pupil-placement board. Students then are assigned on the ostensible bases of such factors as ability, health, and "socio-economic reasons," with the race factor hidden.

Often tacked on is a cumbersome appeal procedure under which a protesting student must first "exhaust his administrative remedies" before resorting to court action. Virginia's first placement law was invalidated by Federal courts but another, as yet untested, soon replaced it. This sequence aptly illustrates the policy of "no surrender."

¶ *Closing of Schools.* Under this technique, the school is automatically closed should a Negro enroll in a white school (or vice versa). Again, control is removed from the local school boards and given to a central authority—often the governor himself.

The so-called "grade-level reassignment plan" is the latest wrinkle here. Under it, an integrated school would be closed and then immediately reopened in all but the integrated grade. The white students in this grade would be shifted to a nearby school; the Negro student back to the Negro school. To provide room for the transferred class of white students, a different grade would be moved from the nearby school to the original school. Not yet in operation, such a plan illustrates the lengths to which the legal tacticians can go.

¶ *Withholding Funds.* All state aid to education is withheld from a school district in which integration is ordered or takes place.

¶ *Tuition Grants.* State and local funds are given directly to parents, who then choose some private school for educating their children.

¶ *Repeal of Compulsory Attendance.* Under this type of statute, no student can be compelled to enroll in or attend any integrated school.

NOT ALL these laws have been enacted in all the Southern states. But they, or variants of them, are on the books of most. They illustrate the second phase of the post-1954 period in the South. The first reaction did not rule out recognition of the need for eventual accommodation with the Court's decision. Virginia's then Governor

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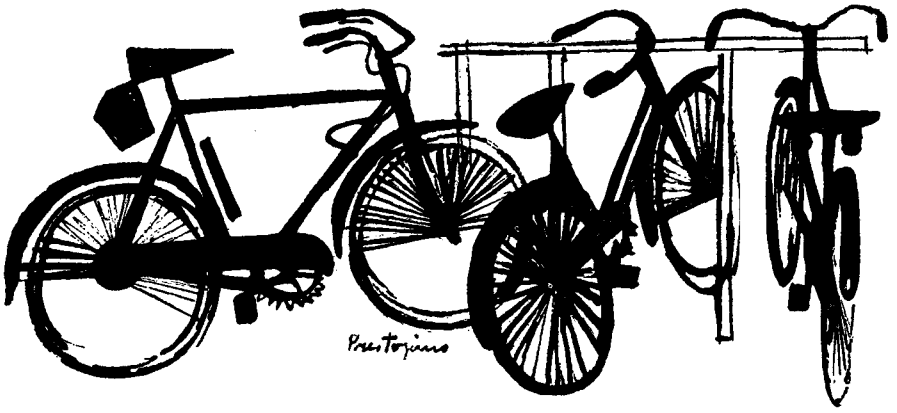
Thomas B. Stanley, for example, said in 1954 that he "contemplated nothing precipitate, but would call together representatives of the state and local government to consider the matter and work toward a plan which would be acceptable to the citizens and in keeping with the edict of the court."

But that attitude was short-lived. In June, 1954, Stanley was abruptly overruled by Harry Byrd, who then set Virginia on the road to "massive resistance," thereby demonstrating that Virginia had chosen to identify itself once more with the policies of the Deep South, whose culture it shares only in part.

Massive resistance all along the line, then, is the second development. Its resolution will, in all probability, determine what the third and perhaps final stage will be.

Clauses and Effects

What are the chances of success for the legal maneuvers of the South? Technically, the answer depends on whether any of the devices can fit into the body of constitutional law that has been developed around the Fourteenth Amendment. At issue is the Equal-Protection clause, which reads: "No state shall . . . deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."



Under existing law, the Equal-Protection clause does not call for absolutely equal treatment of everyone in every respect. It is not, as it was once called, "a doctrinaire requirement of the impossible." What the Supreme Court has called "reasonable classifications" can be made—and are made—without violation of the clause. It is this which makes possible the pupil-placement laws, whose aim is to classify students on everything except racial grounds—but to preserve segregation in the process.

The ultimate success of the placement laws is doubtful. Already some have been struck down. Also, recent experience in Virginia indicates that in the trial of such questions in the Federal courts, it is possible to pin down the placing officers to the real facts—that race was the true reason for placement. Justice Frankfurter once said of the Fifteenth Amendment (right to vote) that it "nullifies sophisticated as well as simple-minded modes of discrimination," a concept which would seem to be equally applicable here. (It should be noted that the Supreme Court in effect said that classifications based on race are unreasonable. It did not outlaw all classifications and distinctions a state government might choose to make.)

The other constitutional barrier the Southern legal tacticians must hurdle is what lawyers call the state-action concept. The Fourteenth Amendment runs against state governments only and not against private individuals. Taken by and large, accordingly, the other examples of legal broken-field running are efforts to get the state out of the game, and to make discrimination purely a matter of private choice by parents of white students. Possibly, thus, private-school plans and tuition grants would be upheld as constitutionally valid. It is far more likely, however, that eventually they will be quashed as unconstitutional. Constitutional lawyers, in and out of the South, are almost unanimous on that point, and many Southern legal officials privately agree.

Nevertheless the whole argument is somewhat speculative, for it would take a rash man indeed to predict dogmatically what the Supreme Court decision would be. And it is at this point that the legal ploys become immersed in politics. Will parents allow the public-school system to degenerate into chaos, all because of a principle about which many are personally uneasy? Will pressures then build up to keep the schools open, even at the cost of token (or significant) racial mixing? For with all the sound and fury over private schools, no Southern state has as yet established a viable system of non-public education.

These questions may soon be answered in Virginia. There, with the state government adamant on closing any integrated school, will come a test of the willingness of the white Southerner to go all the way down the line on massive resistance.

THE SOUTH is employing the purposive use of law and legal machinery to further ends with which it knows much of the nation is not in sympathy. It is possible, given sufficient determination and resources, to litigate a problem almost indefinitely.

The Southern school situation presents an almost infinite variety of possibilities for protracted judicial jousting. As soon as one plan of delay or avoidance is struck down, another can and will be passed by a complaisant legislature. Then it, too, will have to wind its tortuous way through the three levels of Federal courts. Ultimately this could mean that the United States Supreme Court will sit as the local school board for possibly hundreds of school districts.

Historically a number of states—in and out of the South—have tried to defy Federal power and circumvent Supreme Court decisions. In Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, in Iowa and Massachusetts, as well as in Virginia and Georgia, there has been bitter opposition and even successful defiance. But in those cases there were far different situations—chiefly in that no attempt was made by a dominant majority to subjugate a minority.

That difference, plus what Justice Frankfurter once called "the unifying forces of modern technology," may well be decisive.

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France Votes On a Fifth Republic

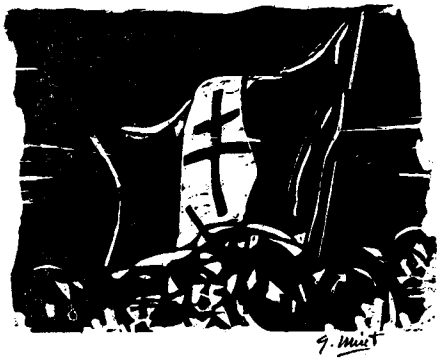
EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

GASTON DEFFERRE, the Socialist mayor of Marseilles, whose unexpected endorsement of the new Gaullist constitution early in September set off a last-minute stampede among left-of-Center French politicians to board the de Gaulle bandwagon, is not himself a man who stampedes easily. A non-doctrinaire left-winger in his own party, Defferre is one of those Frenchmen, toughened by the Resistance, who trust in de Gaulle but keep their powder dry. As a deputy in the National Assembly, he voted against the general's investiture last June, thereby placing himself to the Left of even such a staunch libertarian as former Interior Minister Jules Moch. Earlier he had lived up to his wartime reputation as an exceptionally cool operative by his contemptuous defiance of the local insurrectionary committee, supported by certain military leaders, who had tried to take over Marseilles in the name of the Algerian militarists.

"They twice put me down as number one on their list of enemies to be arrested, but never did anything about it," Defferre told me when I interviewed him recently in his office overlooking the maritime hurly-burly of the Old Port. "You see, my old friends from the Socialist Resistance wouldn't have liked my being arrested. And a lot of them have kept their guns. Of course, it's an advantage in such cases to have to deal with soldiers; they know that gunfire is dangerous."

THIS ballistic approach to politics, widespread in France since last May, has long been in the Marseilles tradition. Defferre, however, is not the traditional boisterous tribune, with an indispensable bodyguard of waterfront activists, encountered throughout the bouillabaisse belt. A trim, rather small man of forty-eight, with a stubborn jaw and watchful eyes, Defferre is a sober, laconic (by local standards) Protestant from the old Huguenot stronghold of the Cevennes who dresses like the businessman's lawyer he used to be. Although he has equipped his adopted city with schools, hospitals, and housing projects with La Guardian fervor, his proudest boasts are that he has imposed a decent restraint on Marseilles' ineradicable criminal fauna, and that he has



cleaned up the municipal finances (his least popular achievement). The unwonted and unwanted rectitude Defferre has introduced into Marseilles' public life is almost as notorious as that practiced by former Premier Pierre Mendès-France, long a political ally, with whom Defferre still agrees on nearly everything except the probable fate of the republic under de Gaulle.

On the national plane Defferre, who was an outstandingly progressive colonial minister in the Mollet government of 1956, has established himself in the minds of many French Socialists as the conscience of their party. He harshly criticized the Algerian policy of party boss Guy Mollet, called for a negotiated settlement of the Algerian war, and has refused to accept a cabinet post in any government not pledged to seek such a settlement.

Defferre's belated adherence to the Gaullist cause, made public through a signed editorial in his influential daily *Le Provençal,* which he edits himself in his spare moments, demonstrates that the general has by no means lost the confidence of all French liberals, despite the numerous disappointments and vexations to which they have been exposed since last June. At the same time, it points up the dramatic division among leaders of republican opinion —as distinguished from the masses, whose overwhelming support for the new constitution has long seemed assured—over the significance for French democracy of the referendum and of the Gaullist experiment generally.

Excerpts from Defferre's editorial were plastered across the nation in boldface type by the pro-government press—understandably, since it was a political bombshell. Next day Mendès-France, who stands for almost the same ideas and ideals as the mayor of Marseilles and is noted for the same integrity, summoned a press conference in Paris in order to announce an implacable campaign against the constitution Defferre had endorsed.

At the mid-September Socialist convention in the Paris suburbs, the vote was nearly two to one in favor of the constitution—after Defferre in a stubborn four-day battle had obliged the party leadership to accept a resolution condemning "integration" and calling for a negotiated settlement of the war in Algeria. However, several respected minority leaders announced that they would quit the party rather than vote against General de Gaulle. And even some members of the majority—notably Moch, who last spring played a key role in lining up left-wing support for de Gaulle—made no secret of their misgivings about the referendum.

Algeria Is Still the Key

Though expert opinions naturally differ as to the merits or demerits of the new constitution, this is not the main reason for the present confusion. Few voters have bothered to read its complex provisions, and the referendum, as the opposition complains, is really a plebiscite for or against General de Gaulle. Realistic political leaders have accepted this situation as inevitable and are looking forward to the legislative elec-

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tions in November. More decisively than any constitutional text, these elections will determine the pattern of parliamentary life under the Fifth Republic. The leaders are beginning to choose up sides for the contest. A major factor influencing the choice is their expectations concerning the acts and policies of the government during the crucial four-month period between the referendum and the presidential elections, when de Gaulle will have almost dictatorial powers. A bad guess on how the general will use—or fail to use—these powers could wreck a political career.

"I HAVE DONE a lot of hard thinking about the question since last June," said Defferre, who has at stake his job as mayor of Marseilles, control of the powerful local Socialist machine, and possibly his seat in the National Assembly. "I have finally satisfied myself that General de Gaulle can and will uphold the republic. In some respects I am not too enthusiastic about his constitution, but it is the way constitutions are applied that counts. And no constitution will save us if the war in Algeria drags on forever.

"To my mind the greatest importance of the referendum is that it will furnish General de Gaulle the legal and moral tools to restore peace in Algeria. I cannot believe that the man who has just displayed his courage and his understanding of the modern world by offering unconditional independence to the African territories does not have some enlightened solution for the Algerian conflict in mind.

"If the voters ratify his constitution on September 28, there will no longer be any question of how he came to power and with whose help. He will hold power from the people of France and no one else. That will give him the moral authority to negotiate fruitfully with the Moslem leaders in Algeria who today are fighting us. And the constitution itself gives him all the power necessary to crack down on the military fascists there who are opposed to any negotiation with the enemy. General de Gaulle is the only man in France who can impose his authority on them."

"Do you feel confident that the general is prepared to exert his authority?" I asked Defferre.

This is perhaps the most crucial question in France today. The widely divergent answers which different politicians give to it have largely determined their public positions in the national debate over the referendum. Defferre, who according to the well-informed weekly *L'Express* was recently called to Paris for a long, confidential talk with de Gaulle, seemed sure of his answer.

"I am convinced that he means to exert his authority once the constitution is ratified," he replied.

Mendès-France, who has also talked to de Gaulle since the general came to power and once was reported ready to join him, is convinced of the opposite. He does not doubt the sincerity of the general's intentions, but he feels that de Gaulle has let the psychological moment for asserting himself slip by and is more and more becoming the prisoner of his own right-wing supporters.

Hopes and Fears of the Right

Mendès-France's gloomy view is shared by a number of left-wing Socialists and Radical Socialists, as was evident during the recent national conventions of the two parties. It is also endorsed by some normally apolitical liberal bodies, including the respectable and influential National Federation of Teachers' Union.

By implication the Mendésian view is also accepted—for quite different reasons—by the general's right-wing and nationalist followers, who have been joyously campaigning for the new constitution on the theory that it means, among other things, the definitive "integration" of the Algerian Moslem community into the existing structures of the republic, and therefore rules out any solution based on real home rule for Algeria.

Some extremists see in their imaginations even more intoxicating political vistas. They count on a sweeping victory by a majority of right-wing and even extreme-right candidates labeled Gaullists. With such a "khaki" National Assembly, de Gaulle would have no choice, upon resigning the premiership in January to have himself elected president of the republic, but to name in his place a premier sympathetic to the nationalists. This might be former Premier Georges Bidault, who has launched an ultraconservative Catholic splinter party, or Minister of Justice Michel Debré, the chief author of the new constitution, or even Minister of Information Jacques Soustelle, the favorite candidate of the psychological-warfare colonels and other arch-integrationists in Algeria. De Gaulle would be converted into a glorious figurehead, the Nationalist clique running the government would concentrate more and more power in their hands, and the last vestiges of the hated "system"—i.e., parliamentary democracy—would quietly go down the drain.

Significantly, the Right, like the Center and the Left, has its Cassandras and its unexpected fissions. Pierre Poujade, the cheese-counter anarcho-fascist who has regained a little of his former political importance owing to the active role of his Algerian followers in the coup of May 13, argues that the nationalists are knotting the noose around their own necks by voting for the new constitution. De Gaulle, he thinks, wants to perpetuate the "system," not to destroy it. Instead of putting in a "clean" premier like Soustelle, he will name Mollet or his Popular Republican minister of state, former Premier Pierre Pflimlin. And the army in Algeria will be stabbed in the back. If Poujade proves to be correct, a powerful right-wing opposition, including leaders and groups who have been most active in campaigning for the constitution, can be expected to crystallize during the forthcoming electoral campaign.

THE OVERRIDING importance of Algeria for both the Right and the non-Communist Left—the Communists are naturally waging a systematic campaign against the constitution—was indicated by a recent statement by Jean Monnet, who has never been an enthusiastic Gaullist and normally avoids taking sides in purely domestic controversies, announcing that he would vote "Yes" in the referendum.

"Given the strong economic situation in France, and taking into account the character of the nation," Monnet said, "it seems evident that an authoritarian régime could be established here only because of the

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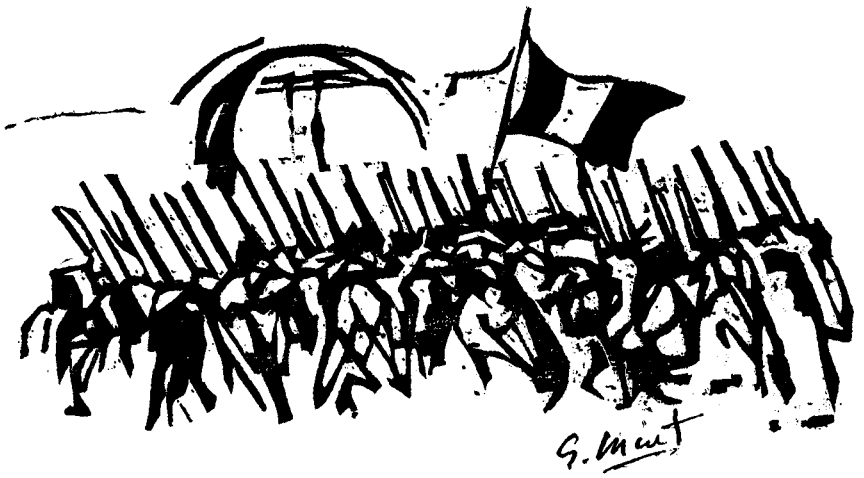
Algerian crisis. As long as this crisis lasts, the long-range threat of dictatorship will remain, whatever the texts say. If, on the contrary, we move toward a settlement in Algeria, I am sure that the constitution, like the country at large, will evolve along democratic lines."

Monnet apparently joins Defferre —and Poujade—in expecting that after the referendum General de Gaulle will scrap the discredited "integration" policy and announce some bold new approach to the Algerian problem. Strong corroboration for this theory turned up during the Socialist convention when Mollet, while refusing to divulge secret cabinet deliberations, dropped a number of pointed hints that de Gaulle actually does agree with Defferre on Algerian policy.

Even if this optimism is justified, it does not necessarily mean that a bold new approach will actually be attempted in Algeria. Responsible French sources report that the army leaders in Algeria—not just the "colonels" but the highest echelons as well—now openly state to sympathetic visitors that after the referendum they will no longer obey de Gaulle if he attempts any Algerian innovations they consider dangerous, and that they will insist on rapid, complete "integration." The slightest suggestion of autonomy for the Algerian Moslems is ruled out. The army in Algeria, according to the same sources, is likewise determined after the referendum to do away with all traces of the "system" in France—not, for the time being at least, by encouraging extremist movements, but by assuring victory in the elections to a right-wing coalition of conservative Gaullists, Independents, and Bidault Catholics that would eventually merge into a monolithic new party not under de Gaulle's control.

What Electoral Law?

Apart from de Gaulle's stand on the Algerian question, political leaders have been trying to guess his final decision in regard to the electoral law that the constitution authorizes the government to promulgate for the November elections. This decision will count heavily in determining whether the National Assembly of the Fifth Republic is dominated



by nationalists and extremists or by men firmly attached to the democratic system.

Most observers here agree that there are no indications in the country of a revolutionary sweep toward either the Right or the Left. "The voters aren't really Gaullist," one strategically placed supporter of the general recently confessed to me. "They just want to see the system continue as before, but with de Gaulle at the top to make sure it doesn't jump the rails again."

Fierce infighting has been going on for the past few weeks within the cabinet itself over whether the electoral law should take into account the country's static mood, thus carrying over into the Fifth Republic roughly the same line-up of political forces as in the Fourth, or whether, under pretext of assuring a working majority, an electoral strait jacket will be forced on the voters so that in effect they can only choose between a rightist bloc and an opposition bloc dominated by the Communists. In his closing speech to the Socialist congress, Mollet assured the worried delegates that there was little likelihood that de Gaulle would agree to any of the more extreme electoral formulas urged by his right-wing followers, and predicted a compromise law that would give adequate representation to moderate opinion. Pending the general's decision, the organization men of the various parties have had to start preparing for the elections on the basis of their best guess on what it would be.

Some observers expect that the latest wave of F.L.N. terrorism, which has carried the Algerian war to mainland France, will upset the political balance and push the voters toward the nationalists and the revolutionaries of the Right. So far there is no sign that this is happening.

"I have had on my hands a thousand refugees whom we had to evacuate from their homes because of the recent oil-tank explosions at Mourrepiane on the outskirts of the city," explained Defferre, still limping from the effect of a leg wound suffered while supervising rescue operations after this spectacular feat of F.L.N. sabotage. "We've tried to do our best for them, but naturally they're unhappy. You could hardly imagine a more fertile ground for fascist—or Communist—agitation. Yet I assure you that neither the extreme Right nor the extreme Left has made any headway with the refugees. French voters have more common sense than they are sometimes given credit for."

DURING the next few weeks, perhaps in a matter of days, we shall know the winners and the losers in the guessing game that has been going on since before de Gaulle took power. If the pro-de Gaulle liberals like Defferre have guessed wrong, there will undoubtedly be a grave setback to French democracy. But it is heartening to see that even now, nearly four months after de Gaulle's assumption of power, democratic leaders as tough-minded and courageous as Defferre still believe that he is the best hope of the republic. At the very least, it suggests that the threat to the republic is not from the general.

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What Happened To the Labor-Reform Bill?

JOHN VAN CAMP

FOLLOWING the pattern of the Knowland campaign in California, a number of Republicans will be running against Walter Reuther as the symbol of unchecked union power this fall. In areas where labor reform is thought to be a potent issue, the Democrats will be running against Jimmy Hoffa as the symbol of unchecked union corruption.

Both sides will agree that something must be done, and this leads naturally into the already raging political debate over who killed the Kennedy-Ives labor-reform bill. The measure, which among other things required financial reporting to the government by labor unions—and also by employers—passed the Senate on June 17 by a vote of 88-1, the lone dissenter being Senator George Malone (R., Nevada). Then, after languishing in the House for weeks, it was finally done to death in that chamber (198-190) just before Congress adjourned late in August.

FROM START TO FINISH, the Kennedy-Ives bill was the child of politics. Though legislatively dead, the bill now seems destined for a long and rich political life. Senator John F. Kennedy, one of the co-sponsors, has charged that Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell "sabotaged" the bill when it got to the House. Senator Irving M. Ives (R., New York) said that it was killed by an "unholy alliance" of the National Association of Manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Retail Federation, the United Mine Workers, and the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Senator Ives, who is retiring from Congress, also had these bitter words to say: "When I look at that House vote I'm ashamed of my party. The vote was: in favor of it, Democrats, 149; Republicans, 41—a total of 190. Against it, Democrats, 61; Republicans, 137—a total of 198. Now that speaks for itself."

Secretary Mitchell has charged that the villain was Speaker Sam Rayburn, who received the Senate-passed bill in mid-June but held it on his desk "for forty days and forty nights" before releasing it to the House Education and Labor Committee. Appearing on "Meet the Press" on August 31, Mitchell denied killing the bill but also said again and again that the bill was no good.

Meade Alcorn, chairman of the Republican National Committee, said the Democrats had sabotaged labor-reform legislation and that this demonstrated the need for a Republican Congress. His Democratic opposite number, Paul Butler, said

Kennedy

that the House vote demonstrated the need for a Democratic Congress.

George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, said, "The combined opposition of the business groups and the administration was too difficult to overcome." Besides this, the AFL-CIO executive council issued a statement saying, "We deplore the role of Secretary of Labor Mitchell, whose opposition to constructive reform legislation was obviously politically inspired."

Then William A. McDonnell, president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, described the Kennedy-Ives bill as "merely a slap on the wrist for union labor racketeers and goons when it should have been a punch on the jaw. And even that mild treatment of the nauseating abuses in some sectors of organized labor was accompanied by amendments to the Taft-Hartley law which were highly objectionable to business."

Amidst all this debate, only the United Mine Workers points with pride—to itself. In a Labor Day edition of their journal, the Mine Workers said: "The Kennedy-Ives 'Poke-Peek-and-Pry' anti-labor bill is dead. It deserved to die. It should have been killed as the result of the all-out united opposition of the American labor movement. Instead it was choked to death by the opposition of several groups and individuals who were opposed to it for widely different reasons. The United Mine Workers was opposed to the Kennedy-Ives bill from the start. We did not deviate for one second in our position."

STIMULATING as all this is, it ignores the real question—which is not who killed the Kennedy-Ives bill but rather how it managed to stay alive so long. Senator Kennedy is convinced that a special combination of circumstances, one that cannot be expected to recur soon, kept the labor-reform bill going.

One factor was adversity. The AFL-CIO was generally hostile to new labor legislation, except for some long-desired amendments to the Taft-Hartley Act. Only when Senator Knowland alarmed the labor federation with his own tough labor proposals did it develop some lukewarm feelings, expressed mainly in lip service for the Kennedy-Ives bill.

Another factor was time. The Kennedy-Ives bill was a rush job, and it took such groups as the U. S. Chamber of Commerce some time to crystallize their objections to certain sections of it—those requiring re-

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ports from employers on labor-relations expenditures and the requirement that employers, as well as union officials, sign non-Communist affidavits as a proper prerequisite to using the services of the National Labor Relations Board.

Then, no mistaking it, there was the free-ride factor. The overwhelming approval in the Senate was in many respects merely a vote against sin—cast with every confidence that the labor-reform bill would be quietly buried in the House Committee on Education and Labor.

The Meany-Kennedy Impasse

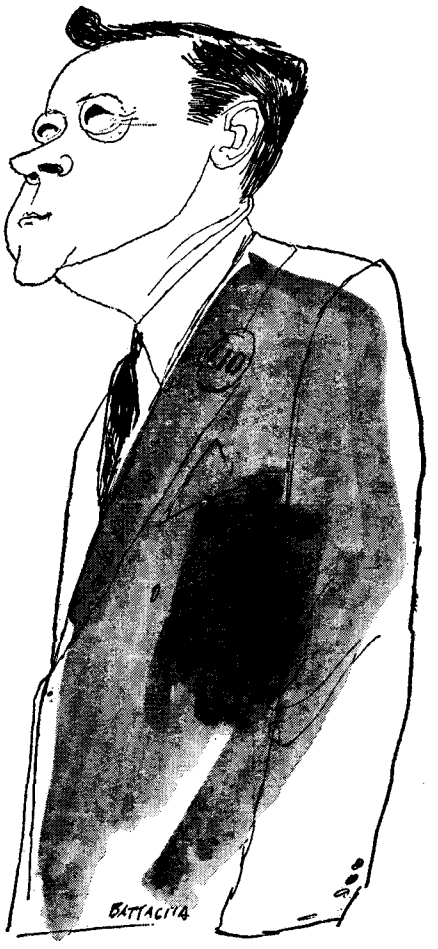
The labor-reform issue, of course, was given its first impetus by the shocking situations disclosed by the McClellan committee, which showed, for example, that some of the union charters granted by the Teamsters to racketeers in New York City actually were hunting licenses to prey on the most defenseless members of the community—Negro and Puerto Rican workers. But while the committee was responsible for raising the issue, nothing much happened until conservative Republicans suddenly seized on it.

On March 23, in a radio-television broadcast, Senator Mike Mansfield, Democratic whip, was asked what the chances were for remedial labor legislation in 1958. He answered: "Oh, I would say nil. There doesn't seem to be much agitation at present. Of course, the McClellan committee will come forth with its recommendations soon but people are so much tied up with trying to counteract the recession . . ."

The very next day the McClellan committee did indeed make its recommendations. It suggested legislation to control union funds, ensure union democracy, and protect workers from the activities of union-busting labor-relations consultants.

On March 26 the Senate Subcommittee on Labor began general hearings. Senator Kennedy, the chairman, said that it would limit itself to a consideration of bills aimed at curbing corruption in union-management relations. Several dozen labor bills had been introduced in the Senate by that time.

The March hearings were noteworthy mainly because of an unfriendly exchange between AFL-CIO President George Meany and Senator Kennedy. Meany, appearing as a witness on March 27, used up two hours to read a statement that took a generally dim view of most of the labor-law proposals. He said that there was "great inherent danger in some of the legislation now proposed" and added that "there will be hysterical cries for punitive legislation which is not and never will be justified." Kennedy told Meany that he was making things difficult for the subcommittee by being generally negative, rather than offering alternative proposals to those he considered unacceptable. Meany growled that Kennedy started "from a personal assumption there's got to be legislation in all fields . . . we don't think that."



Reuther

The cause of labor-reform legislation was stalled. But the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee proceeded to report out what seemed a relatively minor and noncontroversial bill, the Kennedy-Douglas-Ives bill requiring a public accounting from the administrators of all employee health, welfare, and pension funds. This bill was developed after hearings held in 1953 and 1954 by Senators Paul Douglas (D., Illinois) and Ives. Known generally as the "disclosure bill," it was thought to be the only piece of labor-management legislation likely to see the light of day in Congress.

Knowland's Little Surprise

The disclosure bill was brought up for Senate debate on April 22, and it was at that time that Knowland staged a surprise by reviving the possibility of general labor-reform legislation. Knowland, running for governor of California on, among other things, a right-to-work plank, tried to appropriate the labor-reform issue publicized by the McClellan committee by proposing to offer his own "labor's bill of rights" in the form of a series of amendments to the disclosure bill.

The consternation among the Democrats was nothing compared with the shock registered at AFL-CIO headquarters. The labor leaders had been taking a critical line toward the Democratic leadership in Congress: one statement almost accused the Democrats of selling out to the Republican Secretary of the Treasury on the recession issue; and Al J. Hayes, president of the Machinists, had made a bitter personal attack on Senator Kennedy. Knowland's action, however, startled labor into revising its attitude. One Democratic senator sincerely anxious for labor-reform legislation later said: "Knowland was a hell of a help. He became the villain of the piece."

A Coalition and a Promise

To fight off Knowland's attempt to write general labor legislation on the floor through the amendment device, Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson put together a coalition and made a solemn promise.

Starting out with the votes of Northern and Western Democrats, Senator Johnson gained the support of Senator McClellan, and the Southern senators were guided on this issue by McClellan. The coalition of Democrats was joined by a group of about a dozen Republican senators led by Senator Ives.

The solemn promise made was

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that if the disclosure bill was passed without substantial amendment, the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee would go to work forthwith and report out a general labor-reform bill by June 10.

The debate went on for five days. Senator Ives argued that the disclosure bill stood no chance of getting through the House if general amendments were added, and also that writing general labor legislation on the floor of the Senate through the amendment device was the worst possible legislative practice. Ives's differences with the Eisenhower administration, which had ignored his long experience in the field of labor relations, became obvious when Secretary of Labor Mitchell persuaded Senator Alexander Smith (R., New Jersey) to adopt Knowland's tactics and present two of the administration's labor-law proposals as amendments to the disclosure bill. These were the two Taft-Hartley amendments most ardently desired by labor. One would have repealed the "economic strikers" clause in Taft-Hartley, which prevents a striker whose job has been taken by a nonstriker from voting in a representation election. The other would have permitted employers in the building trades to recognize a union without going through a representation election. (Both these provisions were later made part of the Kennedy-Ives bill.)

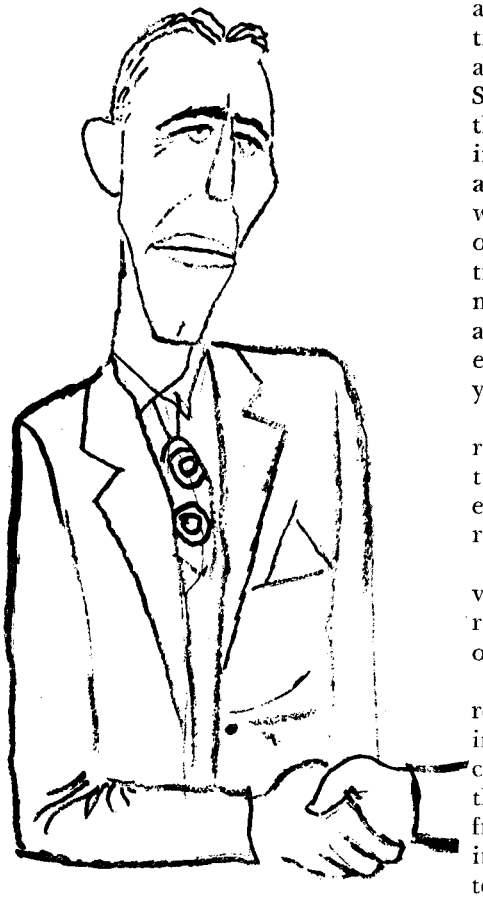
The coalition held firm, and on April 28 the disclosure bill was passed without substantial amendment.

As PROMISED, the Senate Labor subcommittee began hearings on May 5. Senator Kennedy, in an opening statement, said the bill to be drafted would limit itself to the recommendations of the McClellan committee, plus a few Taft-Hartley amendments for which labor had been pressing since 1947 and which had been promised to labor by both parties during Presidential campaigns.

A group of labor specialists, headed by Professor Archibald Cox of the Harvard Law School, had been at work at Kennedy's request since the fall of 1957 drafting proposals. Senator Ives, who had made his mark as a newcomer to the Senate in 1947 by helping to moderate many of the features of the Taft-Hartley bill, again made many important contributions.

George Meany also played an important role. This time, in sharp contrast to his March performance, he emphasized his areas of agreement with Senator Kennedy rather than dwelling on areas of disagreement. The committee finally approved the Kennedy-Ives bill with only Senator Barry Goldwater dissenting. But the verdict everyone was waiting for came when McClellan announced, "I can now support the bill."

Actually, Senator McClellan had been consulted frequently while the bill was being shaped. A reporter who called on him at his office one morning saw a draft copy of the bill on his desk. One section was



Ives

circled and in the margin was the crisp notation "Must go."

The bill came out June 10, as promised. But on the day before, its supporters suffered a rude shock. Secretary of Labor Mitchell, in Geneva for an international labor conference, issued a stinging rejection of the Kennedy-Ives bill, calling it "full of imperfections, omissions and loopholes" and saying it would be almost impossible to administer. Senator Kennedy had been led to believe just before Mitchell left for Geneva that the secretary approved in general of the content of the Kennedy-Ives bill.

"That's not Jim Mitchell," was Senator Ives's first reaction when he read the complete text of the statement issued in Mitchell's name. Then, at a hastily called press conference, Ives observed bitterly, "It looks to me as though somebody is trying to make a Republican thing out of this, when we were trying to make it bipartisan."

The Bill Nobody Loved

The bill, as approved by the Senate, would have required international and local unions alike to file annual financial reports with the Secretary of Labor, and copies of their constitutions, bylaws, and other internal procedures, with reports on any changes within the month; it would also have compelled union officials to report financial transactions with employers or others that might involve conflict of interest; and it called for international union elections by secret ballot every four years and in locals every three years.

The bill also required financial reports from employers on expenditures directed at influencing employees, and financial reports from labor-relations consultants.

Stiff criminal penalties were provided for false reporting, failure to report, making false entries in records, and the destruction of records.

In other areas, the bill required reports on trusteeships, in which an international union takes over a local and runs its affairs. It barred the National Labor Relations Board from ceding jurisdiction over whole industries, as it now does; it attempted to control "shakedown" picketing; it permitted union members to sue in Federal court to recover stolen or misused union funds. And it amended the Taft-Hartley Act in three respects—by permitting strikers who had been replaced to vote in representation elections; by permitting pre-hire contracts, without a representation

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election, in the building trades; and by extending the non-Communist affidavit to employers as well as union officials intending to use the services of the NLRB.

LABOR was suspicious of almost all the proposals except the Taft-Hartley amendments. Business groups focused their fire on the sections requiring financial reports from employers and the extension of the non-Communist affidavit.

Although Mitchell said that the amendments adopted on the floor had improved the bill, his position was far from clear. On the one hand he in effect demanded that the House Education and Labor Committee substitute the administration's labor proposals for the Kennedy-Ives bill; on the other, he accused Speaker Sam Rayburn of killing the Kennedy-Ives bill by holding it "forty days and forty nights."

The AFL-CIO, which had gone along reluctantly, withheld full approval. Meany said the bill contained "unworkable" provisions. This view was echoed by Andrew Biemiller, AFL-CIO legislative representative, in a letter sent to each member of the House Education and Labor Committee. Weeks later, the AFL-CIO executive council urged the House to pass the Kennedy-Ives bill, but in the meantime the labor federation looked the other way while the United Mine Workers actively lobbied against the bill in the offices of congressmen from coal-mining districts.

By this time, the N.A.M., the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, and the American Retail Federation had swung into action. The N.A.M. called the Kennedy-Ives bill inadequate and said that it should be either thoroughly revised in the House or thrown out altogether. "It really consists of only a few 'window dressing' provisions designed to promote simple honesty in the handling of union funds and the election of union officials," the N.A.M. said. "Any small benefit which might arise out of these provisions is rendered insignificant by the many destructive and harmful amendments to the Taft-Hartley law."

The Chamber of Commerce also went into action. In its July 25 Washington report the Chamber said: "The Kennedy-Ives bill has provisions that would play havoc with employers' efforts to maintain the loyalty and good will of their employees. One section (Sec. 607) could be construed as requiring all companies to abolish all or most of their industrial and labor relations

Knowland

activities . . . Another section (103-A) would virtually repeal the provision of the Taft-Hartley Act that gives employers the right of free speech."

The American Retail Federation, after an elaborate analysis of the two sections requiring reports from employers, said on July 9, "This bill is a legislative monstrosity which will result in making criminals of employers and labor relations advisors who dare exercise the rights guaranteed them by the Labor Management Relations Act (Taft-Hartley) and the Constitution of the United States."

A Political Rebirth

Through July and into August word was being passed that the Kennedy-Ives bill had been filed and forgotten. But suddenly the Democrats resurveyed the situation. There had been a constant barrage of editorial comment in the newspapers urging action on the bill. There had been more sordid revelations by the McClellan committee. Some of the Democratic members of the House, facing tough election campaigns, discovered they were being accused of burying the bill. By this time, it was apparent that in a showdown, a majority of Republicans would vote against the measure.

The showdown vote thus suddenly developed political appeal for the Democrats. By this time, it would have been impossible to get the Kennedy-Ives bill out of the House Education and Labor Committee and through the Rules Committee. So Speaker Rayburn gave the go-ahead for the alternative course—bringing the bill up under a suspension of the rules. Motions to suspend the rules are in order only on the first and third Mondays of each month, and the Kennedy-Ives bill was brought on the floor August 18, the last Monday of the session.

A bill coming up under suspension cannot be amended; it can be debated for only forty minutes; and a two-thirds majority is required for passage. During the brief but bitter debate on August 18, Representative Walter Judd (R., Minnesota) stepped forward to say that he had been in communication with Secretary Mitchell and that Mitchell had authorized him to say it was "a bad bill." When the roll was called, the Kennedy-Ives bill not only failed to get two-thirds of the vote, it even failed to get a simple majority, going down 198-190.

A Few Loose Ends

Left over from the Kennedy-Ives battle are a few inconvenient facts that have received little attention:

¶ Besides those named by Senator Ives as members of an "unholy alliance" to kill the bill, the United Steelworkers lobbied against it almost up to the date it was killed on the House floor. At the last moment the signals were switched, apparently as President Dave McDonald got in line with the official AFL-CIO position, but by that time the damage had been done.

¶ The United Mine Workers, in its journal, claimed that many other unions in the AFL-CIO quietly worked to kill the Kennedy-Ives bill. "And yet," the journal said, "just as the bill was to come to a vote in the House of Representatives the word came from on high in the Poconos (where the afl-cio [*sic*] executive council was meeting) that every afl-cio legislative representative must immediately reverse his position and

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ask his friends in Congress to vote for the legislation. This is political chicanery of the worst sort."

¶ While it is true that Speaker Rayburn held the Kennedy-Ives bill on his desk "for forty days and forty nights" before referring it to the House Education and Labor Committee, the committee actually had the bill's identical twin. For Representative Stewart L. Udall (D., Arizona) had introduced on June 25 a bill, referred promptly to the committee, which was identical with the Kennedy-Ives bill down to the last comma.

¶ Senator Kennedy's name on the bill had a baneful effect on House Republicans. The bill, if it had passed, would have been the first piece of labor legislation since the Taft-Hartley Act of 1947. As one Republican congressman put it, "We weren't about to go down the line for any Kennedy bill."

NOW THE SMOKE, instead of clearing, is getting thicker all the time. There is talk from various sources about a new try next year. But the attractiveness of the issue in 1959 will in large measure be gauged by the success or failure of those politicians who are making labor reform a key issue in their campaigns this fall. « »

A Morning After In Notting Hill

MARYA MANNES

LONDON

SOON AFTER the first race riots in London, I spent a few hours one morning walking through the streets where they took place in the company of an English writer who is familiar with the scenes and the people. From Ladbroke Grove to Paddington, from Harrow Road to Kensington Park Row, we looked and wondered.

The neighborhood is not cause enough, dreary and poor as it is. Though the plaster peels from the once respectable cream houses, and the smell that comes out of their black doorways is the familiar gas of poverty—airlessness, old bedding, sweat, urine, old fats—the streets are still incomparably better than any typical Puerto Rican slum in New York or the bad sections of Harlem. In Notting Hill there are trees and small patches of garden, however trodden and shabby, and the sky is broadly visible over the low houses. The high brownstones of New York with their scaffolding of fire escapes, the brown littered stoops, the filthy gutters, the total absence of green and growing life—all these are far more oppressive. Even the most bleak and squalid dead end on Notting Hill is swept of litter. It is not the worst place to live.

As for the people there, most were at work that morning, except for women marketing or pushing prams and a few men walking purposefully, as if to idle might attract attention. The atmosphere was one of suspenseful quiet: a lull that did not seem particularly chastened.

THERE were some colored people about: Jamaican housewives, neatly dressed, and at least three Negro men who wore bandages on head or hand or arm. On three occasions we passed the kind of youths, walking in pairs or threes, who seemed from all accounts to have caused most of the troubles. They were not Teddy Boys either in age or dress. They simply looked like tough young rowdies in their twenties. But they were quiet enough this particular morning.

We crossed a street to speak with a colored man on the other side. He had a light skin, a small neat mossy beard, and a cultivated voice, accented as only Jamaicans speak. He carried a small zipper bag full of groceries and vegetables. My friend introduced him as Roy.

"Man," said Roy, "this whole thing is absurd, completely absurd. Why do they do a thing like that, I ask you, why? Why now? Why us?"

My friend asked him about the riots themselves, and Roy said: "There's something behind it, there's somebody behind it, and money too. It didn't just happen. I've lived in this neighborhood for four years and I know most of the people by sight, but I didn't recognize a single face in the lot of the bully boys that came riding through here, fighting the colored."

"Did they do anything to you, Roy?"

He smiled. "I got off the street when the trouble started, but they smashed all the windows in the house where I live while I was at the club.

"And as for that," he continued, "we were sitting around at the club having a perfectly quiet evening drinking beer, talking, when the police came trampling down the stairs like a bunch of Teddy Boys, shouting. Couldn't they have come in quietly? Did they have to scare us half to death?"

He went on then to give instances of police hostility to colored people in general, whether guilty or innocent of any offense. "They're not for us," he protested; "they're for the others. They've arrested a lot of our boys on no evidence at all."

Roy shook his head, his face serious. "It's sad and it's terrible. I never thought it would happen here—never. But I'll tell you one thing: if those gangs attack us again we'll be ready for them. Our boys are organizing for it—they won't wait for the police to take care of the bullies. They'll handle them themselves, no matter what happens.

"As for me," said Roy, "I stay off the streets at night now. And I've closed my shop because that street's not a fit place for any man now."

WE LEFT him and went on walking and talking. "I think Roy's right," said my friend, "that these outbursts were not spontaneous but directed, and that some plan is behind them. I have no proof yet, but I'm pretty certain Mosley has a hand in it. It smells more fascist than Communist to me, though the

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Commies are undoubtedly making hay with it."

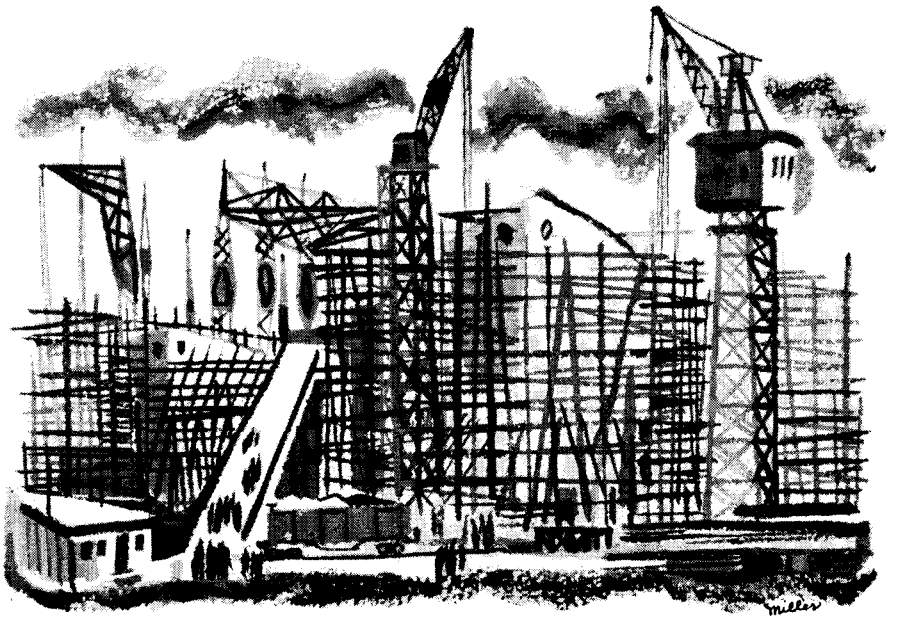
This is the assumption of most informed people here. "We feel," said Barbados Prime Minister Dr. Hugh Cummins while on a visit to London, "that the average Englishman doesn't explode into intense racial feeling and we think there is something deeper behind this."

Yet the average Englishman living side by side with the West Indian immigrants has his own resentments, legitimate or fancied, and they follow the universal pattern of all areas where newcomers move in on previously established residents. Low as the community may be, the immigrants pull it down still lower. Overcrowding, dirt, noise, lax morals—these, say many unwilling neighbors, are what the colored newcomers bring. The vices and privileges of a few are ascribed to the many: "They keep white girls and live off them"; "They run houses of prostitution"; "They drive flashy cars while we have none"; "They take our jobs from us." No matter how proportionately small are the evidences of such offenses among the entire immigrant population, which numbers no more than about five thousand in the Notting Hill area, they produce an unrest that smolders under the surface, ready for conflagration.

And as usual, sex is the igniter. A "singularly tough" young Teddy Boy told a reporter on one of the days when riots took place, "There's a yobbo and his shackie in there. I was going to see they got paid, but some slag leaked to the coppers." A shackie is a white girl who goes to live with a colored man. A yobbo is a Negro pimp. A slag is a white girl who lives with or is friendly with colored people of either sex. The rest seems clear enough.

What might not be clear to Americans is that for white English girls of the lowest social and economic conditions it is a step up to live with a well-heeled colored man, for the simple fact of her own color brings her a status she never had before.

I SUSPECT that the English will be slower now to recoil with horror at Little Rock, not because they condemn it less but because they condemn themselves more. Now they know what we feel like.



India: A Tale Of Two Steel Mills

DOUGLASS CATER

IF YOU BOARD the Bombay Mail at Calcutta and ride as far as Nagpur you pass through the heart of what the Indians hopefully call the Ruhr of India. It is a very rural Ruhr at present, with vast stretches of the arid scrubland known in these parts as jungle. But here will rise the steel industry with which India hopes to boost itself into the industrial age. Plants that will have an annual productive capacity of six million tons are now under construction, and feelers have been put out for United States financing of another that would produce a million tons more. With plentiful iron ore of high quality, limestone, and coal, there is no reason, according to the planners in New Delhi, why the country cannot become self-sufficient in steel and even export some.

Right now the effort to get the six million tons into production has assumed the characteristics of an international competition. At Jamshedpur, the Tata Iron & Steel Co., a privately owned concern now celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, has contracted with an American construction company, Kaiser Engineers Overseas Corporation, to double its present one-million-ton capacity. Most of the funds are being supplied by the World Bank and by private New York bank loans.

At Rourkela, a group of German contractors have been hired by the Indian government to build a one-million-ton plant, and at Durgapur a British consortium has embarked on a similar project. At Bhilai, Russian engineers are building still another million-ton plant. Their contractual arrangements are a little different from the others. They are "lending" part of the supplies for the plant and "advising" the Indians how to build and operate it. Both supplies and services are to be paid for in rupees.

RECENTLY I made the train trip from Calcutta, stopping off at Jamshedpur and Bhilai to get a look at these competitive programs in operation—one a private enterprise and largely American-sponsored, the other socialistic and Russian.

Jamshedpur, which I reached late

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one evening, has the atmosphere of a steel town anywhere, with smoky blast furnaces lighting up the sky, mile after dreary mile of company housing, and the incongruously formal gardens and fountains of the Jubilee Park, recently dedicated to the memory of Jamshed Nusseiwangi Tata, founder of the company and a pioneer industrial genius of India. In the bright light of day it could scarcely stand comparison with a western industrial city, but by Indian standards it was not bad. The good works of a notably paternalistic company were quite visible.

I spent the night in a splendid lake cottage overlooking the company reservoir. Next morning the Tata public-relations man drove me over to meet the Kaiser engineers, who have total responsibility for getting the new construction done on time and on cost estimate. They were full of the high spirits and effusive self-confidence that one finds in an American football team or well-run business concern. They seemed to make it a point of pride to gripe about the man-killing hours they were working—nobody could remember his last vacation. But when I tried to get at the motives for such supreme dedication to the job, all I elicited was a backhanded tribute to "our damned bosses back in the States." Only Kaiser engineers, one was led to believe, would have had the gall to undertake such an assignment or the guts to go through with it.

Jamshedpur Jigsaw

The job did seem formidable. Tied to a thirty-month completion schedule, the engineers had run into all sorts of unexpected difficulties. They were balked at every turn in getting necessary supplies through the congested port of Calcutta. The excavations were supposed to have been made by power shovels and great earth movers. Instead, the machines had smashed their teeth on refuse metal dumped there and buried in some bygone era, a single chunk weighing as much as sixty-five tons. All this had to be unearthed by tedious hand excavation. Then there was the problem of erecting the structures without disturbing normal plant operations. Arthur Fischer, the Kaiser manager for the project, told me of one railroad track that had to be laid and relaid twenty-seven times in the course of building the new blast furnace. They had wished mightily at times that they were breaking fresh ground, the way the Russians were doing at Bhilai.

The engineers I talked with insisted they were not engaged in a

race with the Russians. For them it was simply another job. They had contracted to do it in two and a half years and they were not going to miss that deadline by very much—the only reason they would miss it at all was that they had taken on some additional work after the job got started. Bhilai and the other steel plants would take at least twice as long. Furthermore, Kaiser's estimated $146-million total cost didn't compare with the $260-million estimate for Bhilai (of which the Russians are putting up about $130 million in hard goods and services). Both projects are employing huge labor forces: about eighteen thousand at Jamshedpur and fifteen thousand at Bhilai. But Kaiser has gotten by with a hundred American technicians, compared with twice that number of Russians already at Bhilai and a great many more scheduled to arrive. No one at either Jamshedpur or Bhilai was able to offer a precise comparison of the complexity of the two jobs, though in each place the engineers were inclined to think theirs was the tougher.

A Kaiser deputy manager drove me around the Jamshedpur site and pointed out the jigsaw puzzle of old and new facilities. I climbed through a small ventilation hole into one of the huge blast furnaces under construction and watched the feverish activity inside, where dozens of workers were laying the thick wall of firebrick. Work in this department had fallen somewhat behind schedule, and the Kaiser company, with typical American crash-mindedness, had flown one of the leading American experts on firebrick construction over from the United States to speed up production. I found him on a platform high up inside the furnace chamber. There was a limit, he told me ruefully, to the extent American methods could be applied here. For example, he had given up trying to substitute a more efficient way of placing the bricks for the old one of passing them from hand to hand.

I spent an evening in the tastefully furnished modern home of one of the engineers and discussed with him the problems of building a steel plant in India. (These houses, he told me, were made to Kaiser specifications, and are a great deal superior to most housing for project personnel back home.) He was one of the younger members of the Kaiser staff and had brought his wife and children along on this assignment. It had proved to be a rewarding experience for all of them. Most of the Kaiser group, he told me, felt the same way. Actually, only three had not been able to adjust to life in India and had had to be sent home—two for hitting the bottle, the third for hitting his wife. The rest had rather enjoyed this contact with a strange and exciting country. Many kept up active social relations with the Indians, though as a rule they found it best not to hobnob with direct subordinates from the project. This was apt to create unusual problems in dealing out rewards and punishments, since the Indian employees are very sensitive about signs of favoritism.

Before leaving Jamshedpur, I called on Sir Jehangir Ghandy, Tata's director in charge. He expressed satisfaction with the progress his company was making and showed little concern that India would before long be producing as much socialistic as free-enterprise steel. Tata, he assured me, makes the cheapest steel in the world. So long as the government-owned companies are obliged to reflect their costs in their prices, he felt

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sure that Tata could match them and still make a good profit. Contrary to popular belief, he said, Tata was not opposed to these other steel plants but had offered them assistance. The Indian government had recently invited Sir Jehangir to make a personal inspection of Bhilai and Rourkela. Nothing he saw, I gathered, had undermined his confidence in Tata's future.

Hand-wrapped Firebricks

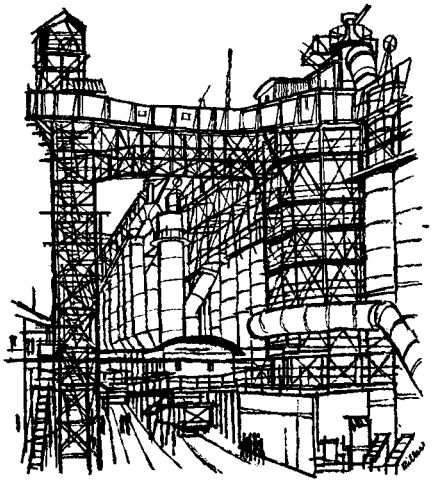
It is an overnight train ride from Jamshedpur to Bhilai, where the Russian plant is being erected on barren sun-baked stretches miles from nowhere. The plant site was still a conglomeration of skeletal frames wreathed in thick dust raised by the procession of dump trucks. Some distance away, the first scratch marks of a planned community development could be barely made out against the lonely horizon. Mostly, Bhilai is still a hodgepodge of temporary dwellings. The visitor stays at Bhilai House, built on the order of an overgrown tourist court, where many of the Russians also live.

The Indian technicians who showed me around, though not exactly effusive in their friendship for the Russians on the project, had nothing but praise for the technical assistance they were getting. Supplies from the Soviet Union were prompt and plentiful. In fact, the more complicated parts of the steel mill, such as the blast furnaces, had been preassembled in Russia, each piece marked, then disassembled and shipped. The fragile firebricks for the coke ovens arrived individually hand-wrapped, which had cut breakage to less than one half of one per cent. The Indians appreciated this display of concern for their project.

Indians expressed a similar satisfaction with the Soviet technicians who have accompanied the supplies. They have proved to be a hard-working, competent group. The only complaint voiced to me was that they tended to be a little rigid in their approach to Bhilai's problems. Their ideas about the plant, like its components, had been preassembled in the Soviet Union. Unlike the Kaiser engineers, they were reluctant to make improvisations that might be more suitable to the situation they found in India.

It has undoubtedly been trying for Indians and Russians alike, separated by an almost impenetrable language barrier. I was surprised to learn that only a dozen of the Russian engineers knew English well enough to converse and none knew the Hindi or Marathi that would have permitted them to talk with the ordinary laborers. One sweltering afternoon, I watched a painful effort at communication in the complicated maze of the coke ovens. The Indian engineers were away at a meeting, leaving their Soviet counterparts stationed at three-foot intervals across the vast shed in *de facto* command. One harassed Russian, the sweat soaking through his khaki work clothes, was attempting through sign language to explain to an Indian bricklayer how to round a corner section. Finally, in desperation, he seized the brick and put it in place himself. The line between technical adviser and ordinary laborer seemed to be exceedingly thin at times.

Bhilai was just reaching the stage where a great deal of highly technical work would be needed. This was causing, I gathered, a behind-the-scenes dispute between Russians and Indians. The Russians were insisting that they would have to revise upward the estimate of their own technicians required; they spoke in terms of an additional eight or nine hundred. The Indians felt a much lower figure would do. One Indian official I talked to said resignedly that the Russians would be able to bring in as many as they wanted, even though the Indian government was paying for their services ultimately. Couldn't the Indians refuse to pay? "No," he said. "On the grounds of courtesy we couldn't do that. Besides, if something goes wrong, they would say, 'You wouldn't let us bring the necessary people.'" I agreed that the numbers seemed excessive compared to the hundred Americans on the Kaiser project.



Bargains at Bhilai

But the Indians were quick to point out one advantage of the Soviet technicians: they come at bargain wages. An ordinary Russian engineer at Bhilai is paid two thousand rupees a month, approximately $400. The chief Soviet engineer earns about twice that figure. It is, of course, more than double the pay scale for the Indian engineers on the project, and certainly more than the Russians would earn in buying power back home. Still it is a good deal less than the Americans at Jamshedpur are getting.

Also, the Russians have shown little concern about living conditions. At Bhilai House I found that an engineer, his wife, and two small children might frequently—and uncomplainingly—occupy a single small room. Though the dining hall served good and inexpensive meals, many of the families chose to cook on tiny electric plates in their rooms. Their frugality has led to a great deal of speculation among the Indians about what they are doing with their earnings. Some think that probably the Soviet government is taking a healthy slice. More likely, I was told, the hard-pressed Russians are quietly stocking up on more durable consumer goods, which are much cheaper in India than in the Soviet Union. One family is said to have gone home with sixty-four pairs of shoes when its assignment at Bhilai was completed.

I was amazed how little the Indians and Russians really knew each other in the intimate conditions of Bhilai. Many have been on the job for more than two years. Yet social contact after working hours, I was told, has been practically nonexistent. The fault lay all on the side of the Russians. From the outset they politely but firmly rebuffed invitations for get-togethers. Of course, if a high Indian official or a touring Soviet diplomat should come to

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town, they would join readily in the ceremonial dinner given in his honor. There have even been festivities on such noteworthy occasions as International Women's Day and Red Army Day that have promoted a little mingling. But if the chief Indian engineer were to invite the chief Soviet engineer to drop by for a quiet meal, I asked, would he come? No, I was told, he would offer some excuse. As a result, any attempt at social amenities has long since been dropped.

LIFE for the Russians on this remote frontier struck me as remarkably dreary. There was not a toy, a sand pile, or a jungle gym for the children who roamed the corridors in tight little packs and engaged in noisy variations on the game of tag. One Indian official remarked disdainfully that they grew up completely undisciplined until, at the age of seven, they were shipped back to the Soviet Union for schooling.

For the adults the sole recreational facility besides an occasional Soviet movie in the dining room was a club room for the men, equipped with tables for billiards, Ping-pong, and chess, plus a radio and a reading table generously supplied with old issues of *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. The men retired here after dinner while the women strolled back and forth past a small bazaar that enterprising Indians had erected nearby. On weekends the families went in for hiking expeditions in the vicinity. Since no one owned a car, their horizons were fairly limited.

Out of respect for local dry laws, the Russians had eschewed the public consumption of vodka, but a certain amount of tippling reportedly went on in the privacy of their rooms. So far the only scandal to break the orderly calm happened one evening when a young engineer, after a generous amount of vodka, drove off with a female Russian interpreter in one of the project's jeeps and succeeded in smashing up both jeep and interpreter. The two offenders were quickly returned to their homeland.

The chief Soviet engineer for Bhilai, the Indians told me, was an able and hard-working man named Dymshytz, but the big boss seemed

to be a representative from the Iron and Steel Ministry, a dour-looking individual with a great shaven head named Mikhalevitch. He sat apart from the rest in the dining room, received the nods of his colleagues with a cold disdain, and, according to rumor, placed a telephone call to Moscow each evening at seven-thirty. What it was that required such constant consultation was a source of mystery. The Russians, of course, never discussed events back home with their Indian colleagues, but after recent upheavals in the Kremlin hierarchy some of them were observed to be looking glum. So far there had been no suggestion that any members of this pioneer expedition would like to jump their traces. It would be a touchy problem for the Indian government, one of the officials admitted, if any of them ever did.

Russian Restraint

One evening after dinner I dropped by the recreation room and found Russian deputy chief engineer Lobotsky reading a three-weeks-old copy of *Izvestia*. We struck up a halting conversation, half-Russian and half-English; I found him a friendly, nonpolitical sort of man. He complained good-naturedly about the heat and admitted that his job was tougher than he had anticipated. He had been at Bhilai for two years, although he has broken his tour of duty with a four-month visit home. The Indians, he observed with the solemnity of someone making a great discovery, were "different." He declined to elaborate. He told me he had not had a chance to look over the Tata factory, but had recently paid a visit to the German project at Rourkela. It was, he reported, not so "technically advanced" as Bhilai. He understood, however, that both Tata and the British plant at Durgapur were quite "technically advanced."

WHAT DO the Russians hope to get out of their generous aid at Bhilai? From everything I saw and heard they have been remarkably restrained—or indifferent—in attempting to reap short-term propaganda benefits.

In a potentially sensitive area—the training of young Indian engineers in the Soviet Union for future work at Bhilai—the Indian government seemed to be keeping a close surveillance. A tough old career army colonel named T. R. Chand, who had been educated at Cambridge, is in charge of preparing the men for their travels and receiving them when they return eight to ten months later. So far ninety-two have completed the tour and another hundred or so were preparing to leave when I visited Bhilai. Colonel Chand told me he had discovered no evidence that the Soviets were providing anything but technical instruction.

I interviewed three of the engineers, men in their early twenties, who had recently come back. They had enjoyed the experience despite the cold. When the Russian meat-and-potato diet proved too heavy for their vegetarian tastes, special fruits and vegetables had been flown in from Italy. Despite language difficulties—they admitted that their Russian training had been pretty makeshift—all the trainees had fared well and one had even found himself a Russian wife.

Each of the three made a clear differentiation between Soviet industrial development, which impressed them very much, and the condition of Soviet consumers, which impressed them not at all. They could not help noting that a pair of shoes cost ten times as much as it did in India. An overcoat, not even necessary in India, cost at least a month's wages.

They insisted that there had not been even indirect attempts at indoctrination. "I think they know the Indian engineers are too tough-

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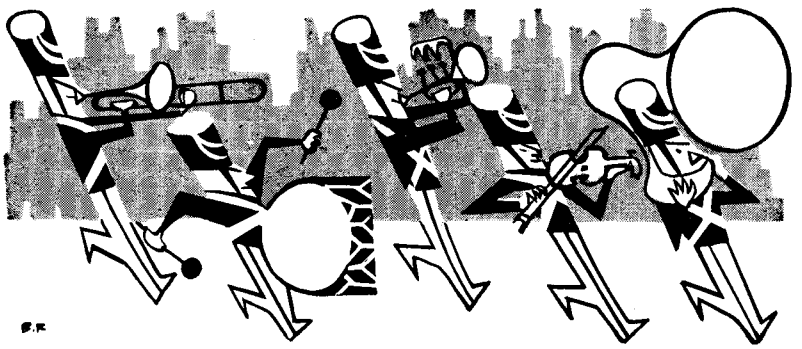
minded for that," a slim young Sikh remarked quietly. Most of the Russians with whom they fraternized on the job and in the dormitories had shown little interest in political matters.

THE COMPARATIVE propaganda benefits in South Asia of the two steel plants have led to some soul searching among the Americans in the area. They believe that no matter how little the Soviets try to exploit Bhilai—and their restraint is probably the smartest policy—it will stand as an enduring testimony to Soviet generosity. It is widely recognized as a vital contribution at a time when the whole future of India depends on achieving a measure of industrial development. The fact that the Soviets are only "advising" and not "managing" the job—in contrast to the British and Germans—also has a favorable effect on the independent Indians.

The expansion of the Tata plant at Jamshedpur will contribute equally to industrial development. But though it has been made possible by American dollars and technical assistance, it is not associated with America in the Indian mind, and its comparative advantages in cost and efficiency are likely to have little meaning for the public at large. The United States has contributed a great deal more to India in loans and grants than the Soviet Union has. So far, however, there has been no concrete symbol of American largesse comparable to Bhilai.

Though the Russians are enjoying the American dilemma, I suspect that they have one of their own. During a visit to Moscow recently, I mentioned my trip to Bhilai and Jamshedpur to Yuri Zhukov, head of the Soviet Office for Cultural Affairs. He remarked that he thought the Americans were making a big mistake—we were building a plant for Mr. Tata while the Russians were doing it for Mr. Nehru. I replied that this might be so but that helping Mr. Nehru achieve a more stable economy didn't seem like a very direct way for the Soviets to help the cause of Communism in India. We decided to drop the subject after agreeing that more steel was a good thing for India, no matter who was helping whom.



Waving the Flag And Passing the Hat

RALPH LEE SMITH

AMERICANS are notoriously soft touches for contributions to worthy causes. When the check has been written, the average citizen-philanthropist makes a mental note to claim the amount as a deduction on his income-tax return, basks briefly in the contemplation of his own good deed, and then puts the matter out of his mind. But it seems that in at least some instances, little or none of the contribution actually percolates down to the worthy-sounding cause that touched the contributor's sensibilities.

During recent hearings held by the House Committee on Veterans' Affairs on the fund-raising practices of veterans' organizations, for example, it was found that some of them spend eighty to ninety cents out of every contributor's dollar for "fund-raising expenses." A large amount of this money goes to commercial profit-making firms that operate anonymously, using the name of the veterans' group to raise thousands and even millions of dollars from the public, and paying what amounts to a small overhead cost for the use of the nonprofit organization's name.

The committee found that the National Association of Veterans' Employment Councils (NAVEC), a comparative newcomer among the veterans' organizations, had raised $2.1 million in the twenty-one-month period from September 1, 1955, through June 30, 1957, and that something like $1.9 million had been spent for fund raising. Several of NAVEC's principals had formerly been active in the affairs of the Handicapped War Veterans' National Organization, which has been indicted, along with the Handicapped War Veterans of California, three fund-raising firms, and five individuals, for fraudulently soliciting funds from the public. The case will be tried in Chicago before a Federal court later this fall.

Charters and Christmas Cards

There are at present seven veterans' organizations chartered by act of Congress: Disabled American Veterans (DAV), AMVETS, Veterans of Foreign Wars (VFW), the American Legion, the Military Order of the Purple Heart, United Spanish War Veterans, and the Marine Corps League. These chartered organizations—whose fund-raising programs, if any, are by no means all suspect—enjoy great privileges. There is, first of all, the prestige. It is hard to avoid the inference that these organizations and their activities, including their fund-raising programs, have the sanction of Congress. Second, they enjoy a privileged status under the laws of many states that in effect is equivalent to a multi-million-dollar public subsidy. Some states contribute public funds to the purchase of land and the erection of buildings and facilities by the chartered organizations. Others

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provide free office space, and in still other instances the state will even pay all or part of the salaries of certain employees.

All this is eyed with envy and not altogether unjustified resentment by the nonchartered organizations. They see no reason why they should not be under the umbrella too. As every session of Congress convenes, they troop to the Hill to plead their cause.

An example of the problem that faces Chairman Olin E. Teague of Texas and the members of the House Veterans' Affairs Committee was provided in the testimony of Richard P. Golick, National Commander of the Military Order of the Purple Heart, which, after petitioning Congress repeatedly since the middle 1930's, was finally granted a charter this August. Purple Heart is a small organization, with about 5,500 dues-paying members and about 3,800 non-dues-paying hospitalized members. It spends about $25,000 a year, of which $12,000 to $15,000 is received through a contract with the Lipschutz Organization of Philadelphia, a commercial mailing promoter. The Lipschutz company, using the Purple Heart name, takes in more than $100,000 annually from its public fund-raising campaigns.

This arrangement involves the mailing of thousands of boxes of Christmas cards as unordered merchandise. A remittance is requested to support the program of the Military Order of the Purple Heart. The contract provides that the "expenses" of the mailing must first be met, and the remainder is split on a 50-50 basis between the promoter and Purple Heart. The Lipschutz company has in fact received nearly seven-eighths of all money sent in by contributors. National Commander Golick admitted to the House committee that ". . . we probably have not been as business-like as we should have been . . ."

In October, 1956, the Jewish War Veterans, one of the many unchartered groups, entered into a similar arrangement with the Lipschutz Organization to mail out Rosh Hashona cards. The gross returns amounted to $62,300, which, according to the Lipschutz people, did not cover the cost of the campaign. Therefore the Jewish War Veterans did not receive one penny. It did not renew the contract.

CLEARLY a promoter handling the accounts of even the "little fellows" is running a large-scale enterprise. When it comes to the "big boys," the promoters are dealing not in thousands but in millions.

On the upper right-hand corner of AMVETS fund-raising letters, the seal of the organization is prominently displayed, with the legend "The Only World War II Veterans' Organization Chartered By Act of Congress, U.S. of America." From 1952 through 1956, AMVETS raised $8.9 million from the public, of which eighty-five per cent was absorbed in fund-raising expense. A large part of this sum was raised through contracts with commercial firms that used AMVETS stationery to mail out millions of items of merchandise.

AMVETS now maintains a wholly owned and separately incorporated subsidiary, the AMVETS National Service Foundation. The purpose of this foundation is to raise money for AMVETS. Its entire operating expense is a fund-raising cost, above and beyond the expenses incurred through the contracts with the commercial mailing promoters.

Well-Hidden Treasure

Disabled American Veterans is another Congressionally chartered organization that raises millions of dollars through mailing programs. DAV specializes in the familiar "Idento-Tag," which bears the automobile license number of the recipient and is intended to be placed on key rings.

The Idento-Tag Company was established in 1941 as a private, commercial, profit-making enterprise. The principal of the company was Abraham L. Koolish, who is among those to stand trial in Chicago this fall. Koolish entered into a contract with DAV that gave it a small percentage of the proceeds in exchange for the use of its name. In 1945 Koolish sold Idento-Tag to DAV for $1,336,500.

Of the 450 employees at DAV's national headquarters in Cincinnati, three hundred work on the Idento-Tag operation and 150 on matters involving disabled veterans (although three hundred employees elsewhere are involved in services for veterans). In 1955, gross receipts were $3.6 million, of which $3.2 million went for fund-raising expenses; in 1956, $3.4 million out of $4.3 million went for fund raising; in 1957 $3.3 million out of $4.2 million.

This solicitation has been conducted with mailing pieces that read, in part: "No professional promoters or outside interest benefits from your donation, and no royalties or commissions are paid anyone"—which is of course true, since DAV runs the whole show itself. DAV contends that its fund-raising cost is not quite so high as shown on the balance sheet because it employs a large number of disabled veterans to assemble the tags.

DAV, like AMVETS, maintains a "Service Foundation," a wholly owned, separately incorporated organization whose mission is to raise money. For a number of years the foundation conducted a "Davogram" puzzle contest, grossing $8.7 million of which $5.1 million went for fund-raising expenses.

DAV has interested itself in other costly activities that the organization describes as "primarily for public relations purposes." In 1955 it entered into an arrangement with William T. Clemons to produce a radio and television series called the "Hidden Treasure" show—a program that involved remittances from the public. The committee's special counsel stated that, according to the best estimate his investigators could make after examining DAV's records, the organization spent $376,500 on the show—all of it, of course, representing public contributions for disabled veterans. It got back only $64,800. Clemons's organization, William Tell Productions, collapsed, leaving $171,000 in debts, for which DAV declines to assume any responsibility. Clemons was in Mexico when the testimony was taken.

ALTHOUGH DAV National Adjutant Vivian D. Corbly was an appointive rather than an elective officer, he was, to quote the DAV finance committee's minutes, "the only individual whose signature is

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necessary for all business agreements and contracts made in the name of DAV Corp. or organization." His signature was also the only one required for checks up to $5,000. Even for higher amounts no countersigning officer was required, only the countersignature of the bank. From 1950 to 1955, Corbly was also vice-president and a stockholder of a firm known as Raybill, Inc., from which DAV purchased large quantities of various types of merchandise. Among the exhibits introduced into the record of the recent hearings were thirty-three invoices to DAV from Raybill, issued from 1951 to 1954 and totaling $43,600 for such items as ashtrays with lighters, corn-on-the-cob sets, jewel boxes, desk radios, and manicure sets.

Ray S. Sprague, president of Raybill, did not hesitate to cite Corbly's connection with DAV in the course of conducting the firm's business. Writing to various officials of state departments of DAV, Raybill included in its letters such paragraphs as:

"You will note that Mr. Corbly, your national adjutant, is vice president of Raybill and he will appreciate very much any favor that you might accord us in regard to your convention needs."

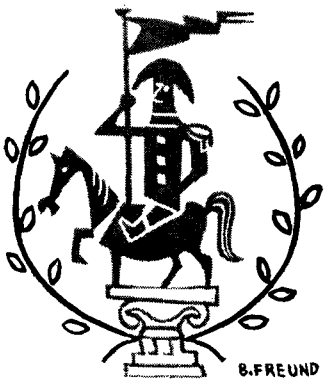
When Corbly resigned from Raybill in 1955, he sold his stock in the firm. He informed the House committee that he had received no dividends and made no profits on the sale of his stock.

At DAV's annual convention, held in August, Corbly found himself under fire as a result of the Congressional committee's findings. After an all-night session with DAV officials, Corbly submitted his resignation, under an arrangement whereby DAV would continue his $18,000 salary for two more years and then pay him full retirement benefits. The convention elected a new national commander who had endorsed Corbly, rejecting a candidate who had called for Corbly's ouster.

The Birth of NAVEC

When it came to investigate the affairs of the National Association of Veterans Employment Councils (NAVEC), a nonchartered organization, the House committee was interested in knowing what relationships, if any, existed between NAVEC and some of the organizations and individuals who are to stand trial in Chicago.

Indicted with Handicapped War Veterans' National Organization and their California branch were three Illinois fund-raising firms that specialize in various aspects of unordered-merchandise mailing campaigns—the Bankers Life & Casualty Company, the Dudley Sales Company, and the Marlowe Pen Company. The first of these firms has an affiliate called Empire Associates that was run by Abraham L. Koolish, the man who sold Idento-Tag to DAV, and by his son David F. Koolish. Another person associated with both Empire Associates and the Dudley Sales Company was one William E. Mealer, who is also named in the indictment. According to the staff counsel's investigation, placed in the record of the hearings, Mealer was an original trustee and a member of the board of directors of Handicapped War Veterans of California, and was a principal organizer of their National Organization. Mealer—apparently a busy man—also operated a mailing-list business called Rasu Affiliates.



Handicapped War Veterans' National Organization maintained offices in a building in Washington, D.C., and Harold A. Keats, a past national commander of AMVETS, served as their consultant. Keats has stated that he held no *official* position with Handicapped War Veterans' National Organization, although he admits that he provided counsel and advice at certain junctures in its affairs.

While the organizations involved in the case were being investigated but before they were indicted, it was decided to discontinue the operations of Handicapped War Veterans' National Organization. NAVEC was born immediately after the decease of HWV. Four of the officers assumed jobs with NAVEC similar to those they had held with HWV. Their offices were at the same address as the HWV, their rent was paid to Keats, and he became executive director.

NAVEC started with no money. Keats approached the Dudley Sales Company of Chicago, one of the fund-raising firms that had been working with HWV, and mailings were soon begun, with Dudley footing the initial bills. By the time Dudley was indicted, NAVEC was already bringing in money. Keats terminated the contract with Dudley four months later, but NAVEC continued to be the principal, and with one minor exception the only, client of Rasu Affiliates, run by William E. Mealer from his hotel room in Chicago.

SEVERAL PERSONS subpoenaed by the House committee refused to testify. Harold A. Keats, however, testified at great length. The staff counsel's investigation had shown that most of NAVEC's money was consumed by fund-raising activity, and Keats, although he argued about a number of points in the committee's financial analysis, substantially corroborated the counsel's findings.

Just how much NAVEC had accomplished with the remainder was never made clear. Keats and John Mark, the first chairman of NAVEC's board, were vague at crucial points. Keats maintained that NAVEC had placed about a thousand disabled or handicapped veterans in jobs. He said he could not substantiate this claim because the organization had kept inadequate records during its early days.

Before the hearings began, he supplied the committee with a list of 361 names of handicapped veterans assertedly placed in jobs by NAVEC. Eighty-two of these were listed as having been employed by NAVEC, leaving a total of 279 outside placements. The committee sent letters to each of these 279 persons asking for verification of

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NAVEC's claims of help. Fifty-two letters could not be delivered because of inaccurate address, and some of the recipients did not reply. Of those who did, fifty-nine said that NAVEC had helped them to obtain employment; fifty-one stated that NAVEC had tried to help them but had failed; and sixty-eight denied receiving any help whatever from NAVEC.

Keats engaged in lengthy sparring with the committee about this matter. He stated that some of the veterans who refused to acknowledge NAVEC's help were doing so because "You see, a disabled person is not generally—he can't just say he can't get a job because he is disabled." Others, said Keats, were refusing because they were afraid of the committee's questionnaire and letter. A few days later he brought another list to the committee, this one consisting of 508 names, including the ones previously submitted. Some members of the committee may have felt that even at best, this wasn't much of a showing for a program to which the public had given more than three million dollars.

Lost in the Rush

In mid-August the House Veterans' Affairs Committee proposed specific legislation to control the fund-raising activities of organizations that claim to help veterans. Among the more important recommendations were the following:

¶ Veterans' groups that raise money from the public, whether directly or through commercial firms, would devote at least fifty per cent of the gross proceeds to charitable purposes.

¶ Veterans' organizations would file financial statements with the postmaster general and submit their campaigns to review by the Federal Trade Commission.

¶ Congressionally chartered organizations would be required to make an annual report to Congress on their finances and fund-raising activities.

The committee's bill, although only a beginning, would have gone a long way toward cutting down on the abuse of public philanthropy for private gain. Unfortunately, it got lost in the rush for adjournment.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Herd, the Self, And the Gulf Between

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

YOU CAN HARDLY open a magazine nowadays without coming across yet another piece about conformity. Mass culture, lonely crowds, organization men are not only major themes in current sociology: they provide material for endless cartoons, symposia, commencement addresses, sermons, and editorials. Ours, according to Alan Valentine, is *The Age of Conformity*. Peter Viereck enters a plea for *The Unadjusted Man*. In the August *Atlantic* Edward Weeks asks rhetorically,

"How Big Is One?," and replies with the oracular assurance that "One is as big as you yourself can make it." *Reader's Digest* lately took pains to publicize a little contribution on *The Neglected Art of Being Different*. And so on.

Some of this evidence is incontrovertible. There is no doubt that, as David Riesman, William H. Whyte, Jr., Edward Shils, and others have indicated, America has evolved a mass culture, more complete than anything in Europe yet; that some of its products are deplorable; that governmental agencies, large corporations, and communications media have increasingly taken over the direction of American society; and that parts of the process seem unavoidable and irreversible. Togetherness, adjustment, public relations, and the like are, alas, apparently here to stay.

I am not concerned to deny the weight of these diagnoses, as far as they go. Nor do I want to join the ranks of those who are busy urging Americans to throw off the shackles of conformity ("Man was born free, and is everywhere in chain stores"). *Whoso would be a man* is still a strong text, but we have heard quite enough of it for the time being. Moreover, the terms of the discussion tend to overlook other elements in the American equation.

IN PARTICULAR, I am struck by the significance of all that is implied by the notion of *creativity*. It is often taken as a near-synonym for individualism. But creativity means many things, and I prefer not to venture a neat definition but rather to speculate on its associations. Thus it suggests to me the remarkable proliferation of college courses, summer schools, and adult instruction in "creative writing"—whether of verse, drama, or fiction—and in painting, sculpture, ceramics, music, modern dance. As a foreigner, I am astonished by the abundance of these offerings, by the quantity of Sunday painters and amateur authors, by the fact that you can actually win degrees in scores of academic institutions mainly on the proof of capacity to devise competent poems or canvases. Creativity also suggests to me the movement known as action painting or abstract expressionism, which is intriguing both for its unpremeditated, highly

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subjective technique of no-technique, and because it is perhaps the only development so far in the fine arts initiated and dominated by the United States instead of adapted from European models.

The Organization Outsider

How may we fit together the phenomena of conformity and creativity? One method is to explain creativity away either as unwitting testimony to the prevalence of conformity or else as a pathetic, inadequate response to it. Certainly creativity and such kindred words as sincerity, spontaneity, and personality are soiled by overuse and misuse. America is full of travesties of true individualism. One longs for but rarely encounters the tranquil, ascetic, honest man. One wearies of the clichés of half-grasped Freudianism, of art as therapy, of the admen's world in which "integrity" and "sincerity" are a matter of a muscular handshake and a broad smile, and a smart gimmick is described as "creativity," of personality represented by "personalized" towels and matches, of Self as a debased good appealed to by advertisers after close study of the herd; and worse, in this sophisticated situation, of people, knowing and acquiescent, who obligingly docket themselves and their status symbols, suburbanite and exurbanite, ego-centered, bored. In this somber light the Beat Generation of San Francisco constitutes a shrill and shoddy Bohemia, at once garrulous and inarticulate, with nothing to say except a confused grumble. As for the academic scene, "You know what they're all talking about now?" asks the cynical foundation executive in Stringfellow Barr's recent novel, *Purely Academic*. " 'Creative.' The word is sweeping our campuses like wildfire: it threatens to replace 'semantic.' It's like the New Look in Washington—more of the same, but more confused." The immurement within colleges of the artist, the poet in residence, etc., could be seen as characteristic of institutionalized conformity.

The Rebel's Timeworn Ritual

Or of course, in a rosier view, creativity in its manifold aspects could be interpreted as a sign that mass culture leads to better things. I agree in part with both explanations, contradictory though they are.

Yet they lead me to feel that the conformity-individualism debate, as usually couched, distorts reality, and to suspect that we ought to be suspicious of our own self-consciousness. Never was there such a pulse-taking, trend-identifying nation as the United States. Life does change here, incessantly and rapidly. But many changes are superficial, and many trends are mere fashionable exercises in self-awareness. There is a tendency to concoct plausible theories of society's problems, with stress upon their newness and seriousness—and permanence. But I suspect that current moods could alter swiftly and drastically, given a slightly modified economic and political climate (and, even in America, the weather in economics and

politics is distinctly changeable). Britain's humdrum tempo yielded overnight to something far more fierce at the time of Suez and Hungary. True, there was a relapse; yet the glimpse of underlying passion was a salutary warning that Angry Young Manism and all the other faddish isms were temporary, artificial categories, bearing not a great deal more relation to fundamental issues than do the trapeze and chemise.

As if to escape the charge of modishness in their attacks on conformity, some of our present-day pundits go back more than a century in search of suitable ammunition. They quote pessimistic comments from Tocqueville, to the effect that America is sadly conformist ("I know of no country in which there is so little independence of mind . . ."). They find handy assertions in John Stuart Mill, not just that individuality is vital but that conformity is widespread: "Even in what people do for pleasure, conformity is the first thing thought of; they like in crowds; they exercise choice only among things commonly done: peculiarity of taste, eccentricity of conduct, are shunned equally with crimes: until by dint of not following their own nature they have no nature to follow: their human capacities are withered and starved."

Fine epigraphs for a 1958 article on the same topic! But do they not hint at the need for historical perspective? If Tocqueville found America so spiritually unfree in the 1830's and Mill thought England so morally timid in the 1850's, ought we not to take pains to link our contemporary woes to their not-so-different antecedents? In fact, I would maintain that when we groan about conformity and cheer for individualism we are re-enacting a timeworn ritual of democratic society. No wonder the subject is so often rehearsed, with its Emersonian echoes, by commencement orators. To hear the ancient battle cries once again is oddly soothing.

MOREOVER, the subject ministers to the American weakness for nostalgia. We invoke the old days, when we stood on our own two feet—or sat in the Model T, which in the process has become a symbol of rugged individualism although it once represented the triumph of mass production. There is a cherished American myth of an era when the streams ran clear and the pioneers went West and everything was growing but had not yet grown up. It is an ambiguous myth, in which bigness is both good and bad and only individualism is unequivocally a virtue. In certain moods we derive a wistful pleasure from considering how far America has deteriorated, how much of its bygone simplicities will never be understood by our children. If they find *us* tiresome, it is a consolation to believe that *they* have gone soft. *We* spoke our minds, once upon a time; *they* have no minds to speak of.

The Cosmos and Natty Bumppo

Mention of Tocqueville brings us back to the main point. For Tocqueville regarded individualism as a

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by-product of democracy, and while he considered it preferable to the "egoism" of more rigid systems, he also queried whether it would have beneficial consequences. Fortunately, Americans were ready to enter

into voluntary *ad hoc* associations that might be their salvation. Otherwise, the picture as he saw it was of big abstractions (Democracy, America) at one extreme, of private lives and private codes at the other extreme, and of not much in between. There was a gap in the middle. Conformity—the large, anonymous pressure of the community—was a menace. Individualism—the nonsocial self-concern of innumerable men each engrossed in Number One—might also be harmful.

Tocqueville made mistakes about America, but on this problem his contentions were brilliantly shrewd. From his day to ours conformity has continued to worry Americans. The extension of mass culture has, in our generation, led to undreamed-of vulgarities (not unlike the bloodthirsty popular literature of previous generations, Edward Shils has noted, but far more widely diffused). Yet individualism, as Tocqueville understood the word, has also continued to flourish in America.

Ever since Cooper there has been a striking emphasis in the American arts upon the separate person, the isolated, stubborn man. Natty Bumppo reappears over and over: youthfully as Huck Finn, and in our decade as the hero of *The Catcher in the Rye*; trenchantly in *Walden*; vehemently as Ahab; despondently as Bartleby the Scrivener; somewhat evilly in Poe and Hawthorne; yearningly in Sherwood Anderson; forlornly in Dos Passos; grimly in Hemingway; bitterly in such Negro novels as Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man* and Richard Wright's *The Outsider*; feyly in Saroyan; disgustedly-exaltedly as the first person singular (in all senses) of E. E. Cummings, Thomas Wolfe, Henry Miller. Sometimes, as in Emerson and Whitman, an attempt is made to demonstrate that the private individual is nonetheless, like all his fellows, at harmony with the universe. But he is at home with an abstraction rather than with society; the commandment has been amended to read "Love thy cosmos as thyself."

IT MAY BE OBJECTED that alienation is a standard theme not just of American but of all western "highbrow" literature, and that the American writer-artist-intellectual does not fairly represent the workings of a mass culture. Alienation and the polarity of conformity-individualism are indeed problems shared by all advanced nations, but in America the theme pervades popular as well as highbrow literature in a way not typical of Europe. In an essay on "The Metamorphoses of Leatherstocking," H. B. Parkes shows how the lonely pioneer, an unlettered latter-day version of the knight-errant, has become *the* American folk hero, as cowboy, sheriff, badman, or (in urban surroundings) as private detective. Through the movies, TV, and paperback books, millions have been exposed to the recurrent drama of the man on his own, tough and nomadic, a law unto himself. It is the essential meaning of *High Noon, Bad Day at Black Rock, I, the Jury*, and countless other tales. Some of the more recent ones attach a societal moral. In *The Bravados*, for instance, Gregory Peck as the lone avenger finally recognizes, with remorse, that

he has killed for the wrong reasons. But the moral is usually perfunctory, and as unconvincing as, say, the "solidarity" message tacked on to Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not*, or implied in the title of his *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

A Long Way to Jump

All this takes us back to creativity and to the suggestion that widening social conformity is accompanied by enduring and even extended cultural individualism. I do not argue that this is necessarily a token of American spiritual health; nor, at the opposite end, that the neo-conservatives are wise (or realistic) in seeking to reconstitute American society on more traditional lines. My only immediate aim is to reiterate how far the United States seems to have gone in perpetuating the gulf Tocqueville discerned between the community and the single person. In American culture as a whole, despite Herman Wouk and *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, the man apart is still the type. Mike Hammer as private eye may embody a sad descent in taste from Emerson as transparent eyeball, but there is a link.

In American education there is a singular trust in not only the importance but the talent of Everyman, an astonishing willingness to push to the ultimate the doctrine of the private man in the guise of creator. Not just selfhood but self-expression, the favorite preoccupation of the American writer, has been set up as the goal of multitudes of American students (and their elders). Though creativity may be nihilistic rather than constructive, it emerges as the aim of study, the last discipline of both learning and anti-learning. The role in educational systems formerly occupied by the humanities is now shared with the single human, exploring his own recesses.

OF COURSE we must not exaggerate the dominance of such instruction in American colleges. To most students, college life in the United States is a medley of athletics and crude vocationalism. But creativity is far more than a tiresome platitude in contemporary America. It is a value, as assertive and extreme in its way as are the claims of conformity. The gap in the middle remains, the empty space between the organization man and the artist. It's a long way to jump.

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The Magic Mornings Of Captain Kangaroo

NAT HENTOFF

THE LAND of children's television is largely inhabited by cartoon characters engaging in various degrees of violence. The cartoons are old—sometimes old enough to be subjects for monographs by film historians—but neither age nor their constant reappearances have dulled their mechanical ferocity. There are also "performers" who appear between the cartoons and sometimes talk at children on "live" shows. These are the pitchmen who push the children to push their parents to buy. Some of them make it alarmingly clear that failure to own the magic ring or emblem that comes as a reward for buying turns the child into a traitor not only to Mighty Rodent but to his whole class, since he won't "belong" with those who do have the rings.

A unique refuge in this hard, dry land is "Captain Kangaroo" on CBS. When "Captain Kangaroo" won a Peabody Award this spring as the Outstanding Television Youth and Children's Program, the citation indicted other children's television: " 'Captain Kangaroo' is almost the only genuine children's program left on network television—certainly the only one which puts the welfare of the children ahead of that of the sponsor; which instructs children in safety, in ethics, in health, without interrupting the serious business of entertaining them at the same time."

The Magic Word

During this summer, "Captain Kangaroo" has appeared on Saturdays only but on September 29 it returns to its regular schedule of 8 to 8:45 A.M. from Monday through Friday and 9:30 to 10:30 A.M. on Saturdays. Beginning three years ago with forty-five stations, the program is now carried by 116 of CBS's two hundred affiliates. It is seen throughout the country, with the West Coast releasing tapes of it a week after the original telecast. Its audience is estimated at five to six million in September and rises to eight or nine million in April, the apex of the TV season. The series is aimed at children of six to eight, but surveys indicate that the age range attracted is three to nine. A third of the audience consists of adults, mostly mothers.

The program has already affected the mores of many households. Large numbers of American children are

beginning to respond "please" or "thank you" when a parent, emulating the Captain, asks them what "the magic word" is when they want or get something. There is also evidence that when the Captain ends each program by reminding his smaller viewers that "this is another be-good-to-mother day," some do remember. One literal-minded boy of four bedeviled his mother mercilessly one day after watching the program and when asked why he had been so bad answered: "The Captain didn't say be good to mother today." "Please," the mother wrote in, "don't forget again."

Apart from improving the manners of its viewers, the program stimulates the child's imagination in many ways, helping prepare him for school or complementing the adjustment of those already in school. The "teaching" on the program is done as entertainment, and the child learns by becoming voluntarily and often intensely involved in what the Captain and his friends are doing. There are, for example, the animals. Some 160 different kinds of animals have already been shown on the program. They are the province of Mr. Green Jeans (Lumpy Brannum, a musician with Fred Waring for many years). Mr. Green Jeans handles the animals, tells where they come from and what they eat, and otherwise introduces the children to one branch of natural history. Neither the Captain nor Mr. Green Jeans, by the way, uses cards or TelePrompTers on the show. All dialogue is ad-libbed from a preliminary outline.

Another valuable associate is Gus Allegretti, who inhabits—by fingers and voice—all the regular puppet characters on the program and others who appear in musical productions and stories. Among the puppets are the comic Mr. Moose, the poetry-making Grandfather Clock, and the bespectacled Bunny Rabbit, a wildly inventive creature who is occasionally irreverent but never malicious, and who becomes in time uncannily believable even though he never has any dialogue.

EVERY MORNING there's playtime, during which the Captain shows viewers how to make simple but absorbing things like hats and masks and seemingly endless projects from construction paper. His program does include cartoons, among them "Tom Terrific," made especially for the series by Terrytoons. There is a strong element of parody in Tom's adventures that has led many adults to follow his career, but the child enjoys Tom and his friends and enemies whether he catches the satire or not. Tom is a small boy of astonishing magic powers, vast ingenuousness, and an ego that often gets him into trouble. His companion, Mighty Manfred the Wonder Dog, makes Bert Lahr's Cowardly Lion look and act like a beast of unusual courage. As swift as the action becomes—usually involving Tom's many metamorphoses into animals or forms of transportation—

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this cartoon series never descends to the "Tom and Jerry" or "Mighty Mouse" level, where the action consists mainly of aggravated assault and battery.

This fall there will be a series of Captain Kangaroo's experiences in England, which may be the first of similar journeys to other countries.

On occasion the program also has guests, and they are not selected solely on the basis of what children are usually expected to like: in addition to the Lone Ranger and Lassie there have been Admiral George Dufeck, explaining through films Operation Deepfreeze in Antarctica, and swing harpist Bobby Maxwell, showing how a harp works and giving some of its history.

"The child," according to the Captain, "is interested in the world around him, and through TV we can show him so much of the world earlier than he used to be able to know it in school. We believe we can handle almost any subject or guest so long as we can make it interesting to the children."

The Captain's getup features a white mustache, a bushy wig, and a captain's cap. He is "Captain" of the treasure house, where everything happens, and "Kangaroo" derives from his big-pocketed coat. Off screen, he is Bob Keeshan, thirty-one, round, amiable, and with the same extraordinarily gentle voice and manner of the Captain. He has been an NBC page boy, a Marine, and, for five years, Clarabelle on "The Howdy Doody Show." He later originated and starred in two New York children's shows, and then became the Captain.

Keeshan, who has three children of his own, does not have a child psychologist or other professional experts on children on his staff. "I doubt if we could work with them," he says. "For one thing, there seems to be so much disagreement among the experts themselves, and for another, we prefer to rely on our own instincts. The others on the production staff also have children and we go by experience and what we feel will be right."

A New York psychiatrist, Dr. Saul Miller, whose children are regular watchers of "Captain Kangaroo," feels that Keeshan's instincts have been sound. "It's the only program I know that meets the needs of children, that is *for* children. Even when he advertises, he does it gently without trying to push things on the children. And I notice my own children remember well what they learn on the show. They feel he's interested in talking to them and being with them."

"If we can't maintain that warm relationship between Captain Kangaroo and the child," says Keeshan, "we can have the biggest budgets and the best-known 'name' guests and it won't mean a thing. We'll have no show."

No children are allowed as guests in the studio, nor are children seen on the program. "We had a little girl as a character on the show," Keeshan recalls, "but the children felt she was coming between them and the Captain. We don't have them in the audience because if they were there, we couldn't help playing to them, and there are millions of kids at home to whom we should be playing."

"Captain Kangaroo" consistently avoids violence. Of the emphasis on violence on many other children's shows, Keeshan says: "I don't believe in sheltering children; but while it is true that violence is a part of life, a young impressionable child watching some of these programs may come to believe there's more violence around him than does actually exist. The rationale seems to be that the children won't imitate what they see in the cartoons because they realize the animals aren't real. That isn't so. It's difficult for a very young mind to distinguish between reality and cartoons.

"I do think, however," Keeshan continued, "that these cartoons can do harm only when the child is vulnerable to this kind of exposure. The cartoons don't initiate the problem. If the child is emotionally healthy, the cartoons won't do him any good but they won't do him any harm either. Conversely, we get letters about the 'wonders' we've done for some children. I don't think we can do 'wonders' for children unless they're ready to receive what we have to give. We can't substitute for parents. A child can only learn when he's ready to learn."

KEESHAN also believes that fantasy will not harm a healthy child; indeed, he thinks it is necessary. "The program is very down to earth," he adds, "but we still have a world of make-believe. Some parents have become so darn literal-minded on this subject from reading too many books on child psychology. They're afraid their children won't be maintaining contact with reality, but fantasy is also an important part of life. A good daydream once in a while can be a healthy thing for a child. On the program, we do fairy tales and make up some of our own. We have magic, and we take advantage of the electronic devices available to us. Characters sometimes fly around."

Keeshan reads a book or so a week on the program, and does not feel that TV has limited children's reading. "From what I can find out, the children's book business has never been healthier. In fact, TV, by broadening the child's interests, can stimulate him to read more. But there are children who do not like to read, and those among them who watch television would have been doing something else years ago."

His own children are not overly fond of television, although they do watch his program (the two younger children still believe that the Captain and their father are quite sep-

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arate entities). Keeshan does not think a system of strict rules on when and for how long TV may be watched is of much help. "You can't take it away and not substitute something for it. The child prefers your affection and play anytime to TV, and if parents spent more time with children—I know it's often not easy—TV wouldn't be a problem."

"Captain Kangaroo" has had its problems—chiefly concerning a relative lack of sponsors—since its beginning. "CBS sustained us for three years," says Keeshan, "and it cost them about a million dollars a year. This year looks as if it will be the best yet. We're at least fifty per cent sold out on Saturdays and have sold four weekday hours. Children's shows, except for some local ones, suddenly became hard to sell a few years ago. We're in a business of trends."

A year or so ago a couple of newspaper columnists outside New York printed a rumor that the network was thinking seriously of dropping the unprofitable show. Oscar Katz, CBS vice-president in charge of daytime programming, denies that this move was ever contemplated, but Keeshan says, "It was certainly under consideration." In any case, although the rumor broke in only a few cities, the network received more than ten thousand protests. Most were from mothers, but many were from doctors, clergymen, psychiatrists, and teachers whose young charges watched the show. The program was saved and the "be-good-to-mother" days continued.

Keeshan's activities now include making personal appearances, writing "Captain Kangaroo" books (several in the "Little Golden Books" series and a playtime book for Grosset & Dunlap), and recording for Columbia and Golden Records. For the latter label he has also recorded—as Bob Keeshan rather than Captain Kangaroo—"A Child's Introduction to Jazz."

Keeshan intends eventually to syndicate another children's show in local markets and then go into adult television as well. He will find that land nearly as undeveloped as was network children's television when "Captain Kangaroo" was born.

Kurt Weill And His Public

ROGER MAREN

The early works of Kurt Weill—particularly a violin concerto and a string quartet—had been performed frequently but had been applauded only in advanced musical circles. Out of contact with the masses, Weill began to feel that he was working in a dangerously rarefied atmosphere and decided to change the course of his career. It was a decision based (according to his public statements) on moral and social considerations: "If music cannot serve the interests of all," he wrote, "its existence is no longer justified."

He found a perfect collaborator in Bertolt Brecht, a Marxist and a firm believer in the political and social function of theater, and in 1928 the two produced *Die Dreigroschenoper*, a play with songs and musical interludes. According to Brecht, the idea of what we know as *The Threepenny Opera* was to show a parallelism between the ideals of the bourgeoisie and the ideals of thieves, whores, and other low characters. This was also the idea of John Gay, whose *Beggar's Opera* in 1728 provided both structure and tone for the two Germans to work on. Brecht's plan was to arrange things so that the sentiments and prejudices of his low and immoral characters would conform to the sentiments and prejudices of the average citizen and theatergoer. Thus, if the plan were successful, the audience would find itself en-

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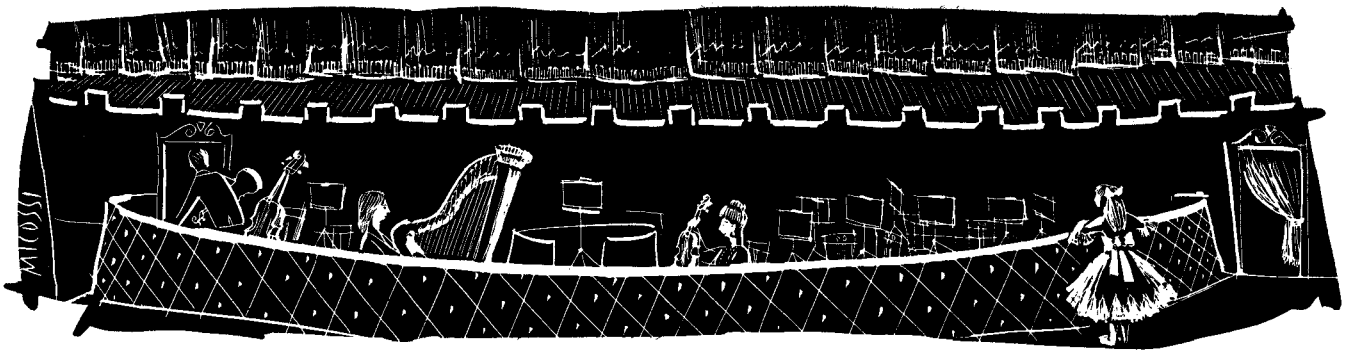

joying and agreeing with ideas and actions represented by types it pretended to despise.

Weill collaborated in this form of social criticism to the extent that his songs not only were appropriate to the characters on stage but also contained just the kind of banal sentimentality an average audience would love. Intended for untrained voices, catchy and full of popular clichés, his tunes could be instantly taken up by the public. Wedded to Brecht's insidious social criticism, the songs would then serve as a kind of fifth column for the left wing.

'All Is Not Right'

The Threepenny Opera has been a roaring success among the bourgeois—but not among the Nazis—for thirty years and has not caused much social or moral uneasiness. The craftsmanship, sensitivity, and cleverness of Weill's songs keep attention focused on the aesthetic level. The tunes, though based on popular clichés, are not really corny, since they derive from a highly sophisticated and subtle harmonic-contrapuntal background. Almost all the technical devices of late nineteenth- and twentieth-century "serious" music are brought into play—chromatic harmony, mixture of major and minor, chords in fourths, polytonality, and so on. In most of the songs Weill employs these devices with bold economy and simplicity, thus achieving his expressive effects with striking directness. The effects are not often very profound, however.

I cannot agree with those who regard *The Threepenny Opera* as a masterpiece. The songs certainly are interesting and entertaining—particularly so when they evoke that uneasiness which many people have noticed, a feeling that below the entertaining façade "all is not right." There are many moments when this effect derives very obviously from the setting of a coarse or belligerently obscene text to rather sweet music. More subtle and remarkable are those moments when the harmony turns suddenly to such unexpected areas and often contains such dissonance that one may get the momentary impression of wrong notes or something about to careen off course. When Weill controls this, as he usually does, by making it the result of clear melodic lines combining in a surprising yet plausible counterpoint, the effect can be quite telling. And the clean, transparent orchestration helps make the counterpoint easy to perceive.

By far the best recording is the two-disc album just released by Columbia (02L-257). It has rendered the two older and quite poor German versions obsolete. The performances are stylistically appropriate and spirited. Not only the subtlety but also the raw vulgarity of the piece comes through as on no other recording. There are no significant cuts in the song texts, and no attempt was made to shy away from obscenity even in the English translation that is included with the original text, along with a poster by Ben Shahn, photographs, and several essays, all in a lavish package. Marc Blitzstein's English version (*Threepenny Opera,* MGM 3121) is no rival for the Columbia album. It costs less—all of it being on one disc—and it is good musically. But the text is so bowdlerized that one gets only a hint of the original flavor.

A Gleeful Vilification

Parody is an important element in *The Threepenny Opera,* but in *Aufsteig und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny*—another Brecht-Weill collaboration of this period—it becomes the main ingredient. Since *Mahagonny* is a long, full-scale opera with trained voices, large orchestra, and chorus, it gave Weill much greater scope. Baroque music, classical opera, grand opera, church music, popular German choral music, cabaret songs, sentimental ballads, salon music, lieder, late romanticism of the Wagner-Mahler variety—in short, almost everything that constituted German culture at the time—all this is heaped together with European jazz and gleefully vilified. The text is a haymaker at what the author thought life had come to under the capitalist system. It consists of a series of sketches about gangsters, whores, gamblers, and pleasure seekers whose society reaches a peak of debauchery and finally perishes.

UNDERLYING these sketches are several not very coherently presented strands of thought: that the capitalist system produces social anarchy, that the forces in it work exactly like forces acting blindly in nature, that human relations are controlled by money, and that since everything—even pleasure—is a commodity, life can go on only if you have enough cash. The tone is like that of a nightmare stimulated by a reading of Marxist tracts and by the consumption of too much beer, cheese, and tobacco.

Like most of Brecht's work, however, *Mahagonny* is remarkably clever and skillful theater. And Weill's music is the perfect accompaniment. It has the same craftsmanship as *The Threepenny Opera* and the same accuracy of effect. There are a few excellent songs and some of the most disturbingly weary and surrealist bits I know. Nevertheless, I don't think it quite reaches the level of *The Three-*

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penny Opera. And it has the same drawback of only rarely penetrating deeply into its subject. This is more serious with *Mahagonny* because it is a much longer work, and after a certain time one tires of mere craft no matter how clever it may be.

Another drawback is that it is not always clear where parody is intended. Frequently, what first seems like parody begins to sound like the "straight" work of a composer who has great skill in using the mannerisms of more original men—particularly Mahler and Schubert—but who has no real style of his own. Still, *Mahagonny* has real spirit. In the dismal days when Hitler was coming to power, Brecht and Weill must have had a wonderful time throwing together this cleverly poisonous monster. It exudes the peculiar exhilaration that comes, when things look ridiculously horrible, from letting fly and reviling everything in sight. Much of this spirit comes through in the Columbia recording (K3L-243). There isn't much subtlety, but the performance has a verve and an all-out quality that is a pleasure to experience. The album contains photos, notes, and a complete text with English translation.

NONE of Weill's other work is equal to *Mahagonny* and *The Threepenny Opera*. The early violin concerto (MGM 3179) is a compound of not quite assimilated Stravinsky and Mahler. The selections from *Happy End, Das Berliner Requiem*, and *Der Silbersee* in "Berlin Theater Songs" (Columbia KL-5056) are, at best, only mildly entertaining reworkings of *Mahagonny* and *Threepenny Opera* songs, some of which are also included on the disc. *Der Jasager* (MGM 3270), written with Brecht, has the *Mahagonny* sound but none of the good tunes, little of the verve, none of the poison. It was written for student performers, and according to Weill the music was not regarded as an end in itself but as something for "those institutions that need music and can profit by the new musical product." It was part of his program to make music "serve the interests of all."

Only the last Brecht-Weill collaboration, *The Seven Deadly Sins*, has some of the old life. It is a ballet with song, and the text, once again

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mordant and sardonic, is about bourgeois standards, morals, and ethics. When the piece was written (1933) Brecht and Weill were in Paris as refugees from Nazi Germany. The free-swinging callowness of *Mahagonny* was no longer their mood. The tone of the piece is even more sardonic, and the orchestration more lush. On the brilliantly performed Columbia recording (KL-5175) the general effect seems intentionally wan except for the last number—the most effective one—which spits fury and viciousness to the tune of a twisted military march and then fades to extreme weariness. The ghost of *Mahagonny* is ever-present, however. The same types of melodic figures, chord progressions, choral texture, and parody are here. As before, they are more mannerism than style, a collection of effects that Weill cleverly pressed into service whenever he thought the text called for them. The effects are based on music of the masters—classical, romantic, and modern—and Weill had the skill to sew them together into a more or less coherent fabric. He was thus able to produce a passable illusion of genuine art.

Nadir on Broadway

Weill's ability to create this illusion of genuine art may have depended a great deal on his having worked with someone of Brecht's stature. After coming to the United States in 1935 he fell in with the Broadway elite, and the quality of his music declined. He seems to have been like a chameleon, always assuming the coloring of his artistic surroundings. The music for Paul Green's pacifist play *Johnny Johnson* (MGM 3447) is occasionally interesting and is reminiscent of Weill's earlier work in its harmonic and melodic mannerisms as well as in its ability to produce that "all is not right" effect. But the sentimentality of parts of Green's text is too well reflected in the music. *Knickerbocker Holiday,* written with Maxwell Anderson, had a few simple and touching moments, but in *Lady in the Dark* written with Ogden Nash and *One Touch of Venus* written with Ira Gershwin, the old mannerisms, slicked up and refurbished, seem to have no purpose other than to appear shiny and coolly sophisticated. In *Street Scene* Weill plunged with Langston Hughes into bathos and pretentiousness. In his last work, *Lost in the Stars,* written with Maxwell Anderson, he reached the nadir.

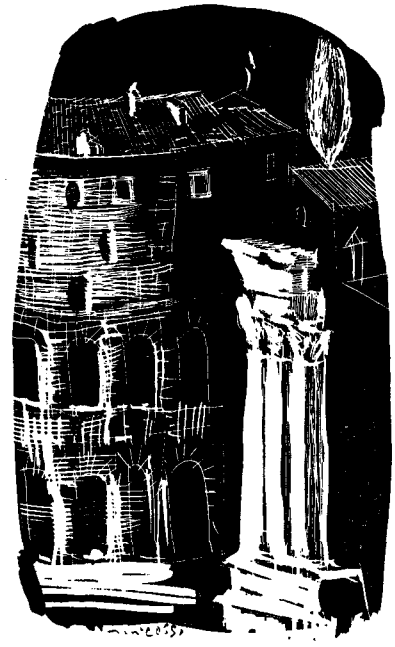
Weill had set out to "serve the interests of all," and to make music that would bring him into closer contact with the masses. He ended by trying to give the popular audience what it demanded. The trouble with this approach is that the popular audience does not necessarily demand the best that an artist can give.

America's Rediscovery Of the Eternal City

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE DREAM OF ARCADIA: AMERICAN WRITERS AND ARTISTS IN ITALY; 1760-1915, by Van Wyck Brooks. *Dutton. $4.50.*

Just as Henry James posed his *Daisy Miller* against the background of the Coliseum for a purpose, so Van Wyck Brooks, in the course of his crowded and fascinating account of American writers and artists in Italy,



places James himself, and his brother William James, in the Rome of 1872. As with any successfully created fictional character, Daisy Miller has a life of her own, or rather an unlimited number of lives she might have lived, all quite other than the piteously brief one ordained for her by Henry James that ended in Rome. It is not difficult to think of her as never destined to leave America, dressed in white, carrying a tennis racket with too long a handle, seated—for she would not be playing, she was not the kind to play—at some shaded garden table by the tennis court of some Hudson Valley country house, already perhaps embarked on an ill-destined affair of the heart, certainly most admirably endowed with a capacity for disaster.

She might, remaining in America, still have interested Henry James, but it was in Rome and because she was an alien in Rome that he saw all the tragic possibilities of her life hastening to their conclusion. It is like placing a picture in a frame: only then are the masses, the balance, the accents fully revealed.

IT IS THIS process, this setting in the frame of Italy, that Van Wyck Brooks has employed to give new values to an imposing number of American personages. Many of the American writers who traveled to Italy from the earliest days of our country have been admirably appraised in the many volumes of Mr. Brooks's critical works; and he has also shown interest in painters and sculptors, for one reason because he saw that in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, all American artists —the writer, the painter, the sculptor—had to face the same problem. Art in America had to be American, distinguishable as such, but to be art at all it had first to retraverse the seas, find nourishment in the common heritage. We were not Aztecs, not Algonquins; we could not return to any atavistic native

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sense of form, or indeed to any technique through which to express it, other than that of Europe.

This necessity was not peculiar to Americans. The British were subject to it and had to cross the Channel; the French, the Germans, the Scandinavians, the Russians were subject to it and, crossing the steppes and the Alps, they too came to Rome. Byron, Landor, Pater, Ruskin, Shelley and Keats and Browning; Claude Lorrain and Corot; Goethe, Wagner in Venice; Turgenev—such names disdain annotation. Nor, for Americans, are captions required for Fenimore Cooper and Longfellow, Charles Eliot Norton and Hawthorne, Henry Adams, William Dean Howells, Mark Twain, or Henry James. Yet the reactions of these men to Rome, or Florence or Siena or Venice, the enduring influences Italy exerted upon their lives, go far to illustrate the happy reconquest America made of a past, the past of our civilization, which for a time we seemed to be losing touch with or even to have lost altogether.

THIS CLASSICAL and European past had accompanied the early settlers to their virgin land. The Puritans had brought the King James Bible; less austere immigrants to New York, Baltimore, and Charleston had never lost their feeling for elegance; the men who came to the Philadelphia convention were, predominantly, steeped in an unbroken tradition of European law and philosophy. The seed of danger—the peril of isolation and barbarism—was not planted by the founders of the Republic; it came only later with the intoxication of our rapidly accumulating national wealth, with the heady discovery of distance, the immensely available West.

It was after all this that Henry Adams despaired, wistfully contemplative before the Virgin of Chartres whose voice he could not hear, and it was then that the American artists, writers, and scholars Mr. Brooks describes in his book turned to Rome. They did so, fortunately, with a passion to learn and create as intense as that which inspired so many of their compatriots in the realms of invention, trade, and industry. This handful of Americans restored a sense of balance to the nation's mind. It is

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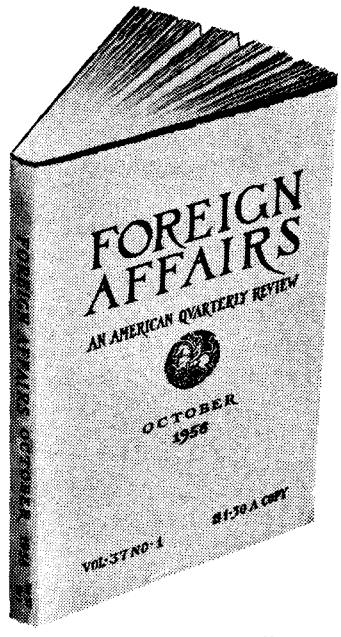

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for this reason that *The Dream of Arcadia*, although filled page after page with entertaining anecdotes and quotations, is a great deal more important than a picturesque postscript to Mr. Brooks's earlier work. With deceptive grace and ease it recreates a century and a half of changing and broadening artistic taste.

At first only the classical counted: the broken columns, the gods unearthed in farmlands of the Roman Campagna. Then only the Renaissance. Then subdivisions of the Renaissance, mutually exclusive. Then only the Gothic and the primitives. Then the Etruscans, the mystery of the archaic smile. Suddenly it was discovered that Italians still were painting in the eighteenth century; it became permissible to enjoy the pink, the gray, the blue skies of Tiepolo. It was even made possible to readmit Ravenna and the Byzantine.

It was not Rome that changed; the pilgrims changed. The pilgrims, like archaeologists—but emotional, not systematic—uncovered layer by layer the successive but not contradictory forms in which beauty had been created through the ages.

PERHAPS the happiest of them were the earlier ones, unencumbered with too great a critical apparatus. Whether they came by road from Naples or had driven down from Florence or had disembarked at Civitavecchia, there would always be the first view of Rome when the carriage halted as it came over the brink of a hill and the traveler got out of the carriage and stood there looking at the gray, the gold, the rose, and the green of the city. There, he would say, there Catullus sang, and Horace; there died noble Caesar. Unabashed, he would say something as trite as that. Then he would proceed across the Campagna into the city, and since he carried no camera and since there were no photographs for sale by Alinari, whatever he looked upon he would set down by his own hand in his sketchbook, whatever thought moved him he would set down by his own hand in his notebook. In the evening someone would take him to sit among the pilgrims from other lands in the Caffè Greco.

A Good Wine Well Aged

MARYA MANNES

WOMEN AND THOMAS HARROW, by John P. Marquand. *Little, Brown. $4.75.*

You can always depend on two qualities in a Marquand novel: craftsmanship and observation, both meticulous. He has a way of fixing people in the amber of time and place, so that you can see them with extraordinary clarity just because they are, in a sense, static.

At its best this kind of writing provides the considerable pleasure

of recognition if not the stimulation of adventure. If it is sometimes dull, it is always easy to read, and this is the deceptive ease that only the taking of pains usually produces.

WHAT MAKES *Women and Thomas Harrow* different from—and better than—much of Marquand's previous work is that he has not only taken pains but endured pain writing it. This story of a middle-aged playwright who finally faces age, waning creative powers, and a lifetime of wrong turnings is deeply felt. It is also a farewell, more tragic than ironic, to a dying epoch: the age before and between the two great wars when society still had form and grace and when cultivation marked the superior man. And although I am sure that Mr. Marquand would be the first to deny that Harrow even remotely resembled himself or his life, it is hard for a reader not to feel that this unsparing dissection of a writer's craft, an artist's motives, and a man's desires is a form of testament consciously bequeathed.

THE BOOK is by no means either somber or sour, although it is slow to take off, encumbered too soon by flashbacks and the presentation of people not yet developed enough to capture interest. Certain other Marquand staples get in the way of early involvement: the business of people always addressing each other by name every time they speak—"No, Tom," "Yes, Walter," etc.—and a rather ponderous jocularity in dialogue that falls awkwardly on ears used to the staccato ellipses of contemporary speech. Sometimes Marquand seems to wear gaiters.

It might also be questioned whether Tom Harrow is really as witty as he is made out to be—the quips attributed to him are strangely dated—and whether a man of his urbanity, competence, and sensibility would have chosen three such maddening women as wives.

Yet the story becomes increasingly engrossing, its people grow more and more alive, and the thoughts have both pertinence and substance. The best thing about Thomas Harrow is Marquand's total involvement in him. And when, at the end, Harrow finally faces the truth about himself, you get the feeling that Marquand has come into a final maturity that has left slickness behind.

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The Pen And Politics

OTTO FRIEDRICH

ENGAGED IN WRITING: TWO NOVELS, by Stephen Spender. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.75.*

Twenty years ago Stephen Spender attended a Writers' Congress in embattled Madrid and noted that it resembled a spoiled children's party. In his autobiography, *World Within World,* he recalled that "this circus of intellectuals, treated like princes or ministers . . . riding in Rolls Royces, banqueted, feted . . . had something grotesque about it." Yet he went on attending the circuses. There were times when one got the impression that every manifesto against apartheid or the banning of pornography bore the names of Jean-Paul Sartre, James T. Farrell, and Stephen Spender. Or if it wasn't a manifesto, it was the roster of a UNESCO-sponsored conference to raise funds for the League of Indian Illiterates or to foster "international understanding."

NOW, AT LAST, we have Mr. Spender's authoritative and venomous denunciation of just such a conference. ". . . The philosophy of EUROPLUME," says Dr. Bonvolio in his interminable opening address, "is that whoever meets within the terms of EUROPLUME does, precisely, agree to meet. . . . Everyone here accepts the Concept of the Dialogue." Every delegate, Mr. Spender implies, also accepts the concept of tedium, pomposity, and utter pointlessness.

It is the time of "the thaw" a couple of years ago, and a dreary English LITUNO (UNESCO) official named Olim Asphalt arrives at the meeting in Venice with hopes that the delegates will take up where Khrushchev left off in his attack on Stalin. If writers are supposed to be "engaged," what have they been engaged in for all these years? But at the conference, he finds the fish-faced French philosopher Sarret (try anagrams) counting fairies on the head of a pin, criticizing ev-

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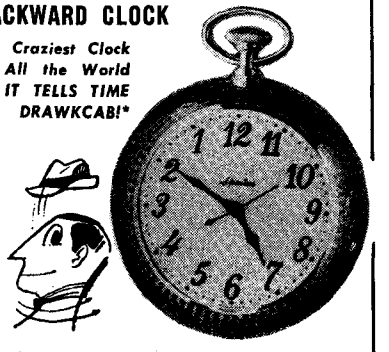

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eryone else with "the secret . . . understanding that whatever polemical attack he made on his friends was really intended as condemnation of himself." Then there is Sarret's friend Marteau (Camus?) arguing with Sarret as though "Venice was only the extension of a Parisian café."

A little more humor would have helped, but Mr. Spender's portraits are gloomily authentic—the Silone-like Italian who embarrasses everyone by treating Stalinism as a crime rather than a mistake, the has-been Hungarian poet who dreads the revolt that will come, the blinkered Russian hacks who show "a mild dazed interest" in Sarret's defense of their "position" and then mouth banalities about "exchanging points of view frankly."

Yet in both his title story and in the rather slight romance that fills out the book, Mr. Spender shows that he is a poet and not a novelist. He cares less for developing plot and characters than for stating one idea and ornamenting his statement with neatly turned phrases. The idea is summed up in that traditional scene where the hero finally quits his vile job. The failure of all such meetings, Asphalt tells the delegates, "is that in order to meet, we have to put the idea of meeting before that of saying anything . . ." The writer's real function is not to spend his time talking at cross-purposes but to be "engaged in writing."

MR. SPENDER proves his point all too easily, especially since it is fashionable after the excesses of the 1930's and 1940's to frown on writers' getting mixed up in politics. Let poets stick to poetry and preachers to preaching and dogcatchers to dogcatching. But is it logical to damn the concept of "engagement" just because of the absurdities of U.N. bureaucrats and professional "conferees"? Or are such follies rather a convenient excuse for writers to shirk their more immediate political obligations? Perhaps the real problem is that the more politically minded writers understand their political role only in terms of the grandiose—the settlement of the cold war through big-name conferences, with all expenses paid. And there, pre-eminently, is where their voices have little or no effect.

She Dropped a Book On Prince Charming's Head

NORA MAGID

THE DUD AVOCADO, by Elaine Dundy. *Dutton. $3.50.*

In *I Am a Camera,* Christopher Isherwood asks Sally Bowles, "Why do you paint your finger nails green?" "I think it's pretty, don't you?" "Suppose you thought it pretty to paint dirty pictures on them, would you do that, too?" "Yes, you know, that's rather a good idea. Not dirty pictures, exactly, but sort of *stimulating* ones. I must get someone to do it for me."

Sally Bowles, that outrageous voluntary expatriate from the gentility that is England who went to Berlin to be an actress and found herself up to the ears in trouble with too many men, has just acquired an American cousin. She is Sally Jay Gorce, "the dud avocado" of Elaine Dundy's first novel, and her one aim has always been her freedom, defined roughly as "I want to stay out late as I like and eat whatever I like any time I want to." As a reward for surviving college her conveniently rich uncle gives her two years abroad. She can be sleazy on a subsidy, and like that earlier Sally, she yearns to be on the stage.

With her hair dyed pink—"a marvellous shade of pale red so popular with Parisian tarts that season"—dressed in evening gowns in the morning because her laundry never comes back, held together precariously with safety pins, she does a splendid job of pitting her Yankee callowness against sophistication. Talking in italics, in reprehensible schoolgirl slang, she gets the best of a Machiavellian monster from Italy, who has been juggling her along with a wife and a mistress. This dapper roué ends up slapping *her* face when *his* code is violated. She has to flee from a terrible Midwestern cousin, an earnest delegate to the Agricultural Commission for European Aid, Soil Erosion Division.

Her past recedes altogether too rapidly for comfort when she becomes embroiled with a fellow countryman of dubious connections. Instinct has warned her that when she meets another American she should "shamble back into the bushes like a startled rhino," but this time she doesn't. Her passport is stolen, and the U.S. embassy insists that she has sold it. Her pink hair turns greenish-yellow.

After a series of incredibly complicated escapades, she decides, when a streak of native common sense asserts itself, to meet what she considers her fate more than halfway. Forfeiting the frenetic and aimless gaiety of Paris, she goes home and gets a job as page in the New York Public Library.

Being Cinderella, she finds this employment entirely to her advantage. The prince comes to her. From the top of a ladder, she manages to drop some books directly onto the head of a desirable European—an illegitimate Hungarian dressed in pool-table cloth to which popcorn adheres, and furthermore the best photographer in the world. Since Sally Jay is, after all, a red-blooded American girl, what her exotic suitor has to offer after a whirlwind courtship is marriage, bona fide and legit.

MISS DUNDY, an American now married to Kenneth Tynan, a British drama critic, has written an entertaining and amusing book. (This is nobody's protest novel.) Withal, it is an instructive fable. The dud avocado, when watered with pure love, blooms after all.

Where Sally Bowles, product of an older, sadder civilization, knows that she will keep on playing, a little more gallantly, a little more hollowly, as she gets seedier and sadder, Sally Jay Gorce kicks up her heels only for just as long as it is appropriate. Then she snaps to, pulls up her socks, and proceeds to reap her harvest—romantic love, legalized. The American dream dies hard.

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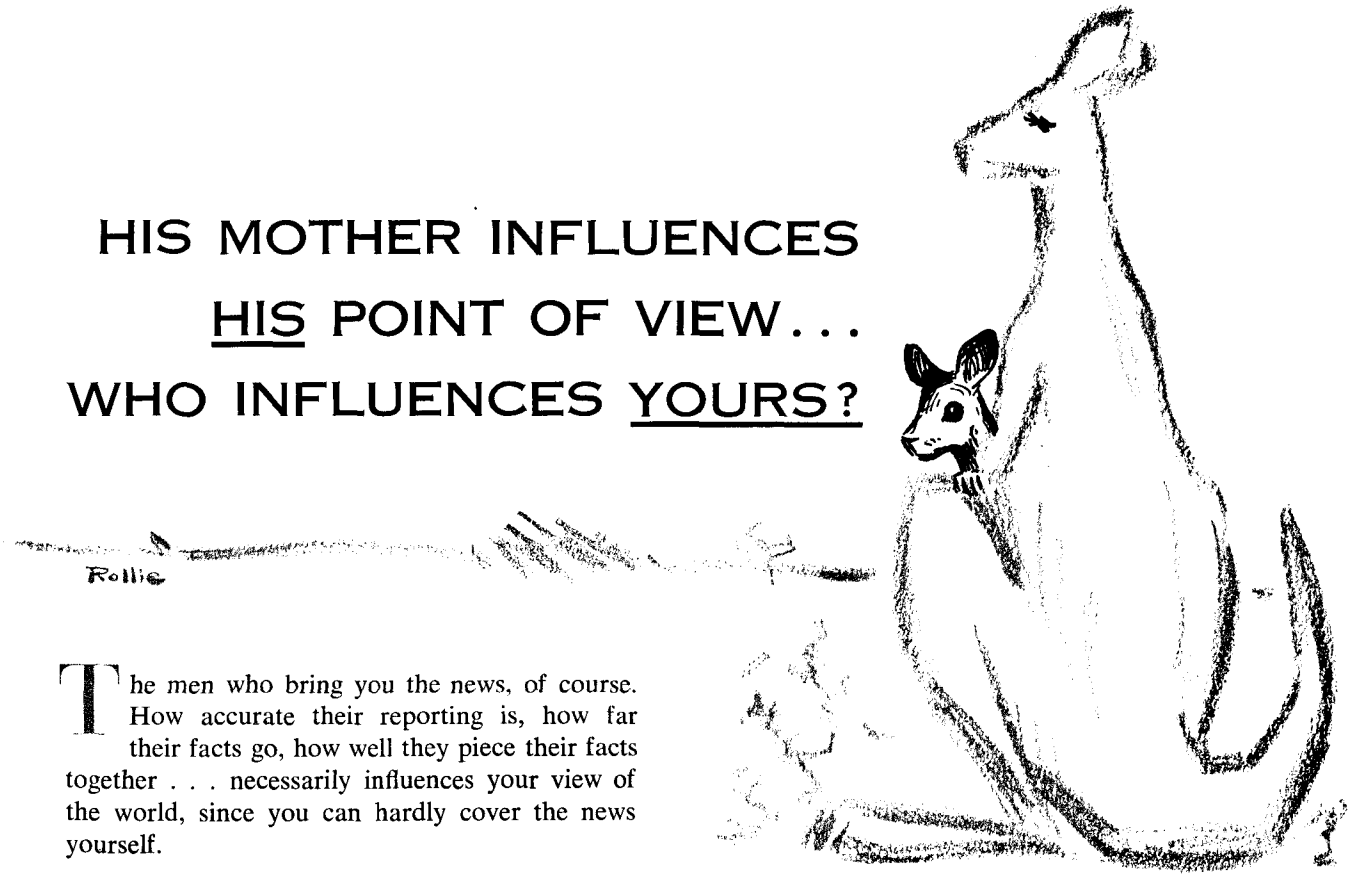
HIS MOTHER INFLUENCES HIS POINT OF VIEW... WHO INFLUENCES YOURS?



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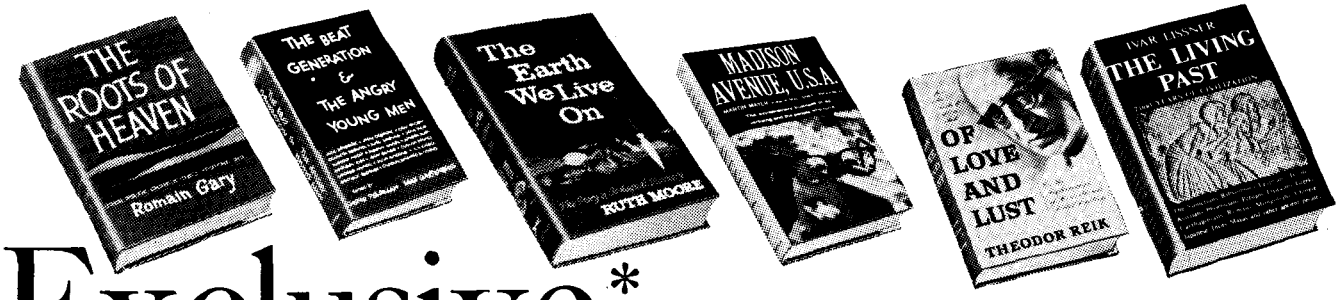

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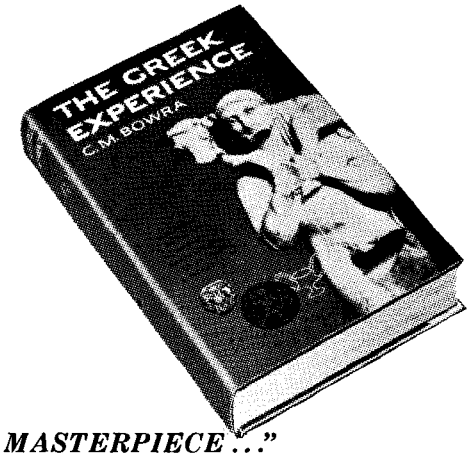

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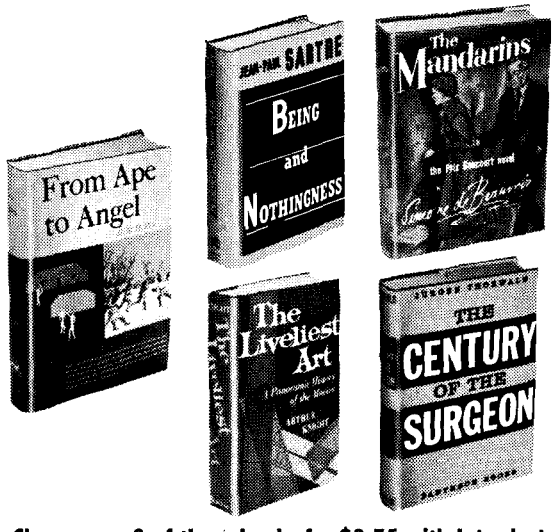

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